

MARCH 18, 1944

AMERICA

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THE PARTITION PROBLEM

Charles Keenan

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Some Notes From the Labor Front

Benjamin L. Masse

To The Least Of His Brethren

Paul Dearing

People vs. Shakespeare

George O'Neill

THE POETS:

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A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

VOLUME LXX

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TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

During 1942 and 1943, and now in 1944, the costs of production and management of AMERICA have risen sharply. The charges for composition, press-work and binding have increased about twenty-four per cent. The charge for paper has gone up about twenty per cent. All the many other items involved in the process of issuing AMERICA every week have become progressively more expensive.

The Directors of The America Press have made every effort to absorb these additional costs. They have rejected the proposition, accepted by other periodicals, of reducing the number of pages in each issue. They are convinced that AMERICA must be maintained as it is, if it is to fulfil the purpose for which it was founded.

For the second time in the thirty-five year history of AMERICA, the Directors are forced by the circumstances of the times to make an unwilling decision. They believe, and with reason, that the subscribers to AMERICA will understand the problem and will cooperate in the solution.

The first number of Volume LXXI will be issued on April 8. On and after that date, the annual subscription to AMERICA will be increased from \$4.50 to \$5.00. The rates for Canada and other foreign countries will be raised proportionately. Subscriptions to men and women in the armed services will be at the domestic rate, no matter in what part of the world they are stationed. Single copies, whether ordered directly or sold at churches or newsstands, will continue to sell for fifteen cents.

For each subscriber, this additional fifty cents means less than one penny per week. For The America Press, this one penny per week means the coverage of additional expenses beyond the control of the Directors. It may be noted, also, that all other periodicals placed in the same classification as AMERICA have, for years, charged \$5.00 per year for subscriptions.

During the past two years, the number of subscribers to AMERICA has increased considerably. The Directors and Editors trust that the number of readers will continue to grow. They are grateful in advance to the subscribers who will help them in the distribution of unavoidable costs.

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AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

MARCH 18, 1944

THIS WEEK

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WHO'S WHO

CHARLES KEENAN, a native of Belfast, who says he owes his survival to the speed of his legs and the poor marksmanship of the Orangemen, agrees with Mr. De Valera that "you cannot solve a problem by ignoring the data." So he firmly steps on his "fighting Irish" instincts and becomes the dispassionate historian in analyzing the basic causes of dissension between North and South Ireland, as a contribution to harmony. . . . ELISABETH ANN MURPHY stoutly refutes the charge that the Irish are always spoiling for a fight—except the good fight to spread faith and culture. The reader may find more past than present in her idyllic picture of a land of Saints, scholars and poets—but in Dublin today the Irish still love grand conversation, and neutral Eire may again prove a haven for culture, and a missionary of faith and poetry to a darkened world. Miss Murphy is connected with the College of Saint Teresa, Winona, Minn. . . . BENJAMIN L. MASSE asks the public—civilians and Servicemen alike—to consider the splendid production record of American labor today, and the worries that must beset the workingman as he contemplates the postwar era, as an antidote to commentators and writers who warn that labor "must be put in its place." . . . PAUL DEARING, Assistant Public Relations Director for the NCCS, shows how the dollars we contribute to the Bishops Relief fund on March 19 will be transmuted into the work of Christ among his suffering brethren all over the world. . . . REV. GEORGE O'NEILL, S.J., teaching at Corpus Christi College, Victoria, Australia, is a veteran literary man. He has published two books in the Science and Culture Series, *Psalms and Canticles* and *Job: the World Classic*. His questioning of Shakespeare's real spirit of democracy may prove disconcerting; it will surely be stimulating.

COMMENT ON THE WEEK

Papal Anniversary. Five years ago, on March 12, Rome held the interest of the entire world. A new Pope, popular in many countries, was being crowned on a morning bright with sunshine. Fifty thousand people from every nation on the earth crowded Saint Peter's to witness that truly supranational ceremony. In spite of the Fascist efforts to "play down" the occasion, 500,000 waited outside the Basilica to cheer the new Pope's appearance on the balcony and to receive his blessing. Most of the world's radio stations carried Pius XII's blessing on that day. To a world trembling on the brink of war, yet desperately clinging to peace, Pius XII, whose "very name spells peace," was a last hope. Today Rome still holds the interest of the world. It is a battleground of the war that would not be stayed. The Nazis are daring the Allied Armies to blast them out of the church-dotted streets of the Eternal City, and the Allies are forced to take the challenge. The future for Rome is dark; yet even in the bleakness of that future Pius XII remains somehow the hope of Italy and of the world. Because he is the Vicar of Christ, there is in him a deep well of hope; and on that well we must draw when our own hopes are low. On a dark day in the last year of his saintly life, Pius XI shouted defiantly: "The great events of the world are fashioned by the hands of God, not by the hands of man." We might remember that phrase as we watch the frighteningly swift destruction of the most lasting and most beautiful things fashioned by the hands of man.

The Bishops' Appeal. In most dioceses of the country, the Bishops' War Emergency and Relief Committee will make its fourth annual appeal on Laetare Sunday, March 19. In other dioceses it will be made on dates to be announced. The work of this committee, it will be remembered, is to avoid the confusion which would result if the Catholic public were appealed to for a multitude of charitable causes related to the war, as well as for aid to the suffering people of various individual countries. A fund will be provided, according to the announcement, to continue world-wide works of charity carried on by the Holy See for the war's innocent victims, and to continue support in the United States for the Chaplains' Aid Association, the Military Ordinariates, services extended to American servicemen overseas, the Montezuma Seminary for the training of Mexican candidates for the priesthood, and for relief in numerous emergencies. It is essential not only that the appeal shall be presented, but that those who listen to it shall realize something of its immense scope and importance. The works it fosters are vital not only for the present conduct of the war but for any hope of salvaging ravaged humanity afterwards. The appeal is a

golden opportunity to show in action to the entire world what the Mystical Body of Christ means in our Catholic Faith.

The Holy Father and Poland. In view of persistent efforts that have been made here and abroad to discredit the Holy Father with the Polish people, a special significance attaches to his work for the Polish victims of the war. These are among the beneficiaries of the collection just mentioned. The Pope has shown quite a special concern for them from the beginning of the war. A recently released report covering the period from October, 1939, through October, 1942, shows that the course of these benefactions has been neither lessened nor interrupted. Last June the Holy Father called the attention of his Cardinals "especially to the tragic fate of the Polish people," but material relief is provided as well. Foodstuffs were sent into Poland and to Polish refugees in Slovakia, Hungary, Rumania, France, Switzerland and other countries. Refugees were visited by the Nuncios in the settlements and camps, while spiritual aids were likewise afforded. In Finland, both Russian and Polish prisoners received help from the Pope. In Iran, 200 Polish babies were cared for until they could be transferred to a British colony in Africa.

Valleys. In every war there are bound to be deep, dark valleys. The only campaign of any war that smashes on irresistibly, gaining pace as it goes, is the last drive to complete victory. Every other campaign has its ups and downs, its quick rushes, its stalling, its stalemate, its moments of doubt. In every war it seems inevitable that allies will differ, mistrust one another, almost fall out, then rally in the firm unity that means success. We are now, it seems, in the valleys. The Italian campaign has been slowing down in the face of unexpectedly fierce resistance. Preparations for the big invasion are nearing completion, but the tremor of fear that precedes any great, dangerous venture is shaking the world. Russia's insistence on a lone hand in Eastern Europe is disturbing her allies. Churchill's apparent green light to Russia, and President Roosevelt's long silence, the seeming lack of a unified policy towards postwar Germany, internal dissension in Yugoslavia, France, Italy—all are pieces of a pattern of fear, mistrust, pessimism. There are dire prophecies of civil wars in postwar Europe. There are hot announcements that the Atlantic Charter and the Moscow Pact have already been abandoned. There is more and more talk of another world war in the making. It may well be that all this is but the deep valley through which we must make our way to victory, the dark of night before the dawn. We dare not now yield to pessimism.

Truman Committee Report. The most recent report of the Senate Truman Committee, which runs to 210 pages, is conclusive evidence that war production is "over the hump." It devotes some space to a review of the production effort, which, despite considerable waste, exceeded "anything of its kind ever achieved in the history of the world," but the Committee is chiefly intent on maintaining a healthy civilian economy and on the transition to a peacetime economy and the postwar world. The report takes sharp issue with the Army over the theory that war plants, shut down by cancelation of contracts or lack of orders, should remain idle rather than engage in civilian production. Denying that such a policy will relieve the manpower situation by causing newly unemployed workers to shift in great numbers to localities where they are needed, the Committee points out that a renewal of civilian production, especially in small plants, would not interfere with the war and would take some of the inflationary pressure off prices. In general agreement with the plans of Mr. Baruch and Senator George's postwar planning committee, the Report frowns on those who would relax the anti-trust laws to speed the process of reconversion. It likewise opposes too detailed attempts to ensure that all manufacturers have a fair and even start in the postwar scramble for customers. On the question of government controls, it criticizes those who would "substitute the judgment of bureaucrats for economic trends." What the country ought to do if the "economic trends" are sharply deflationary, the Committee does not say.

Soldiers' Ballot. On March 7, Senate and House conferees voted eight to two for a soldiers' vote bill which represents a sharp defeat for advocates of a Federal ballot. According to the provisions of the bill, which now goes back to the House and Senate, a distinction is made between soldiers stationed at home and those overseas. The former will not be permitted to use the short Federal ballot unless they are citizens of States which make no provision for absentee voting. Even in that case, the ballots will not be counted if the States in question do not agree to the procedure. Members of the armed forces overseas are given a somewhat wider discretion. They are permitted to use the Federal ballot if, after application, State ballots do not reach them. But whether these Federal ballots will be counted depends, as in the case of soldiers at home, on the respective States. Since it is doubtful whether more soldiers will be enabled to vote under this bill than voted under existing 1942 legislation, the President, should the Congress enact the measure, may decide to use his veto power. Should he do so, it seems probable that many who opposed him in his recent differences with Congress will support him this time. In an editorial on a vote plan proposed recently for New York State soldiers, the *New York Times* pointed out that Governor Dewey's scheme, which conforms substantially with the pending Federal bill, simply "won't work." It is inconsistent, the *Times* stated, "with any serious attempt to get a mass

service vote in the coming election." The same criticism is applicable to the legislation now before Congress. But perhaps some proponents of this measure do not intend that the mass of men and women in service should vote in the coming election.

Quads' Rights. Maryjane-aged-two insists on a satisfactory explanation of every new word she hears, a trait that is often embarrassing. "Mother," she wanted to know the other day, "What are quads?" Well trained in the theory and practice of child psychology, mother believes in answering honestly all questions, but to this one, she could not just answer: "Quads are children." That would hardly satisfy Maryjane-aged-two. Mother could hardly go on to explain that, because of the sensation-hunger of newspapers, they are children who will long be pointed out as the offspring of an unmarried mother and a soldier disloyal to his young American wife. She certainly could not explain how a man, who under ordinary circumstances would be just plain dishonorable, should suddenly become an international hero. Quads, my dear Maryjane-aged-two, are just one of many, many circumstances where it would have been better for all if the press had minded its business—and its morals.

Quick Kick. In football the quick kick is designed to catch the enemy off guard and set him back on his collective heels, especially if he has been making gains and you cannot pierce his defences. Some people think that the quick kick originated in politics. You have, for instance, in a given State, after years and years of ground-gaining, a Women's Division and a Minimum Wage Division of the Department of Labor. Those who have been carrying the ball for the protection of women and children in industry would hardly be expecting an attack on these divisions at a time when "hundreds of thousands of women are entering the industrial field for the first time," and when industry is pleading even with children to come and take jobs. The increasing employment of women and children should be an obvious reason for strengthening such divisions, rather than eliminating them. It is difficult to understand either the logic or the motives that would seek their elimination. However, at least in New York State, there are forces that wish them abolished, and have resorted to the quick kick to accomplish their designs, the quick kick in this instance being the last-minute introduction of a bill to reorganize the Department of Labor by eliminating some of its divisions. Listed for death are the Women's Division and the Division for a Minimum Wage. The war is no time to undo the good work of years. We hope that the kick will be called back with a penalty for coaching from the sidelines.

Eastern Rites Celebration. Much mystery and remoteness surround the various ways by which the Catholic Church offers the lesser sacrifice of praise and the Eternal Sacrifice of the Holy Eucharist to our common Heavenly Father. Those of the Latin

Rite are familiar for the most part only with that of Rome, yet truly "Roman," in the apostolic sense of the word are those Eastern Rites which are celebrated in communion with the Holy See. Armenian Catholics, for instance (though few in number as compared with the great schismatic majority of their people) are truly *Roman* Catholics, though the rite they celebrate uses their ancient language and chant. Great, then, is the educational value of the conferences on Eastern Rites and Liturgies sponsored annually by Fordham University, under the chairmanship of the Rev. Dr. Thomas J. McMahon, of the Catholic Near East Welfare Association. Theme for this year is the Problem of Church Unity, or reunion in the past, the present and the future, to be discussed at Fordham on March 31. Highlight of the conference will be a solemn Armenian Liturgy (Mass) in Saint Patrick's Cathedral, New York City, presided over by the Archbishop of New York. Those who attend this service will be deeply impressed by the great dignity and solemnity of its celebration, and particularly by the extraordinary reverence shown to the Most Holy Eucharist, which, at the Elevation, is held aloft for several minutes for public veneration. Communion is given only in one kind, not in both species, as in some other Eastern rites.

Caukey. "Short for Caucasian, you know. Some of them are pretty intelligent; but in general they're a shiftless, improvident crowd. Happy, though; I don't see how they keep so cheerful, living in the dumps that they do. But I suppose they've got used to it. They'd be all right if it wasn't for these agitators. That's what happens when you try to educate a Caukey. First thing you know he wants to be a judge or a lawyer; next thing he wants to marry our sisters and daughters. Caukeys are all right in their place, so long as they know their place." If this sounds a bit incoherent, go to see Father McGlynn's play *Caukey*. Running presently at Blackfriars, in New York, we hope that it will be produced in many parts of the country. College dramatic societies take note. From the opening gun, when the Negro prologuist's attempt to explain why we must consider the Caucasian problem as a human problem is received with raucous cries and cat-calls ("Keep 'em in their place! They're no good! This is a black man's country!"), the play hurries you on through the doings and sufferings of Caukeys in a black man's world. Father McGlynn pulls no punches, cuts clear to the bone. Fantastic? Unreal? How would *you* like to be a Caukey today in, let's say, Singapore?

Eucharistic Month. A timely and effective answer to the Holy Father's plea for an increased devotion to the Eucharist is provided by the practice of observing April as Eucharistic Month. The movement is small at the moment, but is spreading. The coming April can well be the beginning of a deeper devotion, which is more than ever required in our days. The Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament, 184 East 76th Street, New York City 21, are sponsoring the devotion in this country.

UNDERSCORINGS

ON March 1 unidentified planes bombed Vatican City with six small missiles directed close to the residence of the Holy Father. Presence of fragments in the courtyard shows that only a relatively few feet kept them from the Pope's own apartments. *Osservatore Romano*, as reported in the N.C.W.C. *News Service*, called the act "deliberate irreverence," and called attention to the gravity of "this new incursion upon places not only without any military equipment but in the very vicinity of the Vatican Basilica and sovereign neutral Vatican State." It is difficult, the paper continued, to understand what could have been the military aim of the attacking plane, if it were not to diffuse even more widely a sense of fear and terror among "the already so greatly tried population."

► Important excavations are going on in the grottoes of the Vatican, to bring to light antiquities remaining from the old basilica which was demolished to make way for Saint Peter's in the sixteenth century. Because of their importance, publication of the detailed report of the archeologists and engineers has been delayed. The work is near to the tomb of Saint Peter. A number of pagan relics of the second century have been unearthed.

► Monsignor Marius Zanin, Vatican representative in China, is reported as a virtual prisoner of the Japanese in Shantung Province. Hundreds of Italian missionary priests are interned, and one is said to have been executed for espionage.

► London news, through *Religious News Service*, tells of efforts by the Catholic Hierarchy to obtain modification of the new national Education Bill. Concessions considered likely at present are the granting of loans, either free of interest or at very low rates, for the reconstruction of schools. Government support is the crux of the difficulties.

► Archbishop Bernard Griffin, of Westminster, told a meeting lately: "If we cannot obtain full justice, at least it should be possible for the Government substantially to ease our burden and so allow us to enter into the national scheme of educational reconstruction." "People from different parts of the country," he said, "and of every shade of political opinion, as well as non-Catholic members of Parliament, are supporting the Catholic case." The final reading of the bill will not take place for some months.

► In the speech from the Throne, at the opening of the Ontario Legislature, the Government announced its intention to introduce religious education in the public and secondary schools. The move will benefit Catholics and non-Catholics, as clergy of each will give basic religious instruction.

► A Joint Pastoral of the Peruvian Hierarchy warned against sectarian propaganda. The Bishops alluded to guarantees given Protestant ministers by the Upper House, which at the same time is debating the exclusion of foreign Catholic ministers of religion.

► After September 15, the Mutual Broadcasting System will limit Sunday religious sessions, and forbid sponsors to solicit funds over the air.

THE NATION AT WAR

DURING the week ending March 6, the Russians have resumed their offensive in the Ukraine. Their last previous major effort in this area was the surrounding of some ten German divisions west of Cherkasi. This had ended at the middle of February with the capture or destruction of at least most of the Germans.

Since then there has been a regrouping of forces. The new attack has been launched two hundred miles west from the region of the preceding campaign. At date of writing, the Russians have broken through the German front line, and are advancing southwestward towards Rumania. Undoubtedly a severe battle is just starting.

In the north, the Germans have established their new front just outside of the small Baltic states. So far they have resisted some strong Russian efforts to break through.

In the center of the long Russian line, and in the extreme south, there has been little serious fighting. Neither have the Russians renewed the effort to capture the Crimea. This peninsula is now well in rear of the Russian lines. It affords the Germans opportunities to base air fleets which can fly over Russian rear areas for observation.

Discussions have been going on as to the withdrawal of Finland from the war. Notwithstanding this possibility, the German troops in north Finland have shown no signs of intention to leave. They could retire into Norway if they so desired.

The bombing of Germany has been extended to include factories, air fields and fortifications in north France. Whereas a year ago a two-ton bomb was a large one, four-ton bombs commenced to be used some time ago. Recently six-ton bombs have been placed in service. At the same time, the size of attacking air fleets has been greatly increased.

A thousand-plane fleet was at one time a record one. They may now be double that size. And the planes are bigger and carry a greater weight of bombs. The destruction caused by these huge means of modern war surpasses anything previously imagined. Yet, in spite of the terrific punishment which Germany is receiving, Americans just returned from that country state that the Germans show no indications of yielding. On the contrary, they are reported as more bitter than ever. The same results happened in China after Japanese bombings, in England after German bombing of London, and elsewhere.

In the Far East, General MacArthur's forces have landed on one more island. This was a Japanese air base in the Admiralty Islands, just north of New Britain and New Guinea. The landing was unopposed. But the Japanese have started an operation to drive off the invaders. Heavy fighting followed, and is continuing.

Daily bombings of Japanese positions around Rabaul, which is, or was, their main base in the southwest Pacific, has been intensified. So have the bombings of other Japanese bases been speeded up. It is hoped this will force the Japs out.

COL. CONRAD H. LANZA

WASHINGTON FRONT

WHAT about the President? How does he stand with business? What is his position on labor? Will he run again? These are some of the questions that one hears around the country and in letters, and this seems as good a time as any to try to answer them.

If one were to believe all one sees and hears in Washington, it would be necessary to conclude that Mr. Roosevelt has no friends at all. Business is still at odds with him; labor is angry with him; the farmers have deserted him. One friend of mine insists that he has gone over altogether to the Communists. A disappointed New Dealer recently described him as "a tired liberal, who has sought with the classes, which distrust him, the necessary political support which the masses now refuse him."

The mystery deepens when we reflect that those now closest to the Communist party line are exponents of free enterprise. And the Communists are also campaigning actively for the Fourth Term.

Yet it is certain that the President has put in almost all important posts in the war effort men from big business who would be classed as reactionaries. At the same time, commentators like Frank L. Kent, Mark Sullivan and David Lawrence never cease their drumfire of criticism about his "partiality" to organized labor.

Then comes the news that he has put in the crucial post of Surplus Property Administrator the "largest cotton broker in the world" and a former Liberty Leaguer, Will Clayton, much to the indignation of the only group of farmers who are friends of the New Deal, the Farmers Union. Yet among the most vocal among the critics of the President in Washington are the former New Dealers. And none of the critics seems to be aware of the attitude of the critics on the other side of the fence. Some are sure he is as Leftist as ever; others bemoan him as a lost liberal.

One could hazard an explanation of the paradox, and it is this: for the first time in his career Mr. Roosevelt has suffered a split personality. On one side, he is the President and Commander in Chief, and on the other, he is the leader of his party. The former is usually uppermost, and that is what has led him to entrust our external and military policy to conservatives. That is why he said that Dr. New Deal had been replaced by Dr. Win-the-War.

Yet he has also shown, in the veto message on the tax bill, for instance, that he has lost none of his former warm sympathy for the "needy" as against the "greedy." One indignant columnist called that Communism. It was just New Deal. And we may expect similar expressions from him from time to time in the future.

Will he run again? He certainly will not if he finds that he can get political support only from "the classes, which distrust him," and the Communists. For one thing, they have not the votes. And Mr. Roosevelt is still a pretty good politician.

WILFRID PARSONS

THE PARTITION OF IRELAND AND SOME OF ITS PROBLEMS

CHARLES KEENAN

EIRE'S neutrality is in the headlines again; thus serving to underline once more the twenty-year-old problem of Irish Partition. Of the latter we may say, in Mr. De Valera's words: "You cannot solve a problem by ignoring the data." I have no intention of rushing in with a solution where so many have feared to tread; but rather would like to highlight some of the data, which do not seem to have received their share of attention.

I

The partition of Ireland dates from the Government of Ireland Act of 1920, which divided the country into Northern Ireland and Southern Ireland. The former still operates under substantially its original grant of power. Southern Ireland was soon replaced by the Irish Free State which, since the adoption of the new Constitution in 1937, is generally known as Eire, though that name is properly applied to the whole of Ireland.

The Irish Free State, established by the Anglo-Irish Treaty of 1921, had the status of a Dominion, equal to Canada; and it naturally evolved to the complete autonomy which was recognized by the Imperial Conference of 1930 and was embodied in the Statute of Westminster, 1931. By the adoption of the Constitution of 1937, Eire asserted its connection with the British Commonwealth to be one of free association, based on the sovereign will of the Irish people (Article 29: 4, 2). A measure of Eire's autonomy is its neutrality in the present war.

The Northern Government, on the other hand, has only limited powers. It has a Parliament, with considerable local autonomy; but the Post Office, Defense, coinage and many other matters are retained by the British Government. Northerners are represented both in the Belfast Parliament and the Westminster Parliament.

The population of Eire is not quite three million, and is overwhelmingly Catholic; that of Northern Ireland is about 1,200,000, of whom about 750,000 are non-Catholics and 450,000 Catholics. The boundary between the two parts of Ireland is so drawn that there are large bodies of Catholics on the Northern side, in immediate contact with Eire, who would undoubtedly transfer themselves to the other side, on a plebiscite; but in that event the remaining territory would probably be too small to exist, and the whole problem would be involved. There must be a complete solution if any at all.

Loyalty to Irish independence or to England has mostly followed religious lines in Ireland; so that the vast majority of the Catholics in Northern Ireland are in favor of merging the two parts into one. On the other hand, the non-Catholic population has always clung to the English connection. The powerful and bigoted Orange Order has been the backbone of this feeling; it is violently pro-English and anti-Catholic. In fact, the very idea of Partition was conceived as a concession to the Orangemen's ineluctable antipathy to Home Rule for Ireland, which would have inevitably meant their being in a minority in a Catholic government. Their opposition was so strong that in 1913 they were armed and ready for civil war and secession should the Home Rule Bill go through.

It is easy to indict the Northern Government and not hard to prove a true bill; but perhaps it is more profitable, for the moment, to try to see and to understand the ordinary man in the North; the man walking the streets in Belfast or ploughing the fields around Portadown or Enniskillen. If Irish unity is to be attained, he is the man who must be convinced of its worth and feasibility. It would profit the Government of Eire little to have three-quarters of a million discontented subjects deposited in its lap by some adroit political move; and judging from some of Mr. De Valera's statements, it is a consummation for which he has no devout wish; he has said that he does not care to see any coercion used against the North to force it to come in.

Two things have infinitely complicated this already complex problem: the persecution of the Catholics by the Orange Government of the North; and the anti-northern boycott, the Civil War of 1922-23 and events stemming from it.

The Orange Order yields nothing to the Ku-Klux Klan in anti-Catholic bigotry; but it has attained in Northern Ireland a power that the Klan never wielded here. In fact, the Orange Order controls the Government, and the Government rests on the support of the Orange Order; nor is any attempt made to conceal the fact. To this day the Northern Government operates under a Special Powers Act, designed for a "state of emergency" that has lasted now for twenty-two years. Arbitrary arrest and imprisonment are the lot of anyone whom the Government chooses to suspect of "disloyalty"—and high officials do not hesitate to brand all Catholics as "disloyal."

It is probably just as unfair to judge the ordinary Northern non-Catholic—or even the ordinary Orangeman—by the excesses of the Twelfth of July as it would be to judge the ordinary Alabamian or Mississippian by the conduct of a lynching mob. And it is probable that in the mob howling for a Catholic's blood in Belfast or a Negro's blood in Alabama there are men who, in the rest of their daily lives and conduct, are genial, mild, amiable and fair-minded. And all around the mob is the great mass of the population who sincerely deplore lynchings, yet view uneasily any attempts to eradicate them, because they feel that a certain *status quo* is endangered.

This feeling tends to block off a rational approach, and to make the interpretation, and even the observation, of facts subjective and one-sided. Thus, an acquaintance whom I met in England told me what he had heard from a non-Catholic friend in Belfast about the "Catholic atrocities." I have no intention of impugning his friend's sincerity or his own; and I am sure that in the give-and-take of internecine warfare his friend could accumulate certain facts to range behind his thesis—for instance, the bombing of tram-cars full of non-Catholic shipyard workers, the burning or blowing-up of buildings, the assassination of a city councilman. Without trying to justify these acts, I could say that his friend did not know of the provocation that preceded them and wrought men to a pitch of desperation—largely, perhaps, because he did not live in a Catholic section of the city and did not know what went on there.

II

If we attempt to analyze the feelings of the Northern man-in-the-street, we shall, I think, find two: a fear of having to live under Catholic domination, and an attachment to the British Commonwealth. We can set aside those who wish to perpetuate Partition principally to conserve their own political jobs, whether high or low. After all, they must rest on the votes of the man in the street and their ability to work on his feelings. In fact, the dangers of Catholic domination, the disloyalty of Catholics and adherence to British traditions are the ordinary themes of political campaigns and Twelfth-of-July oratory.

The fear of Catholic domination, in its most acute form, is comparable to the fears of those Americans who, in 1928, saw the Papal fleet anchoring in the Potomac should Al Smith win the election. It has received its best rebuttal in the treatment of non-Catholic bodies in Eire—a treatment which they have been ready to express appreciation of—and the unanimous choice of Dr. Hyde, a Protestant, as first President of Eire. Another blow was struck at it in 1941 on the night when Belfast was heavily bombed and set ablaze. Dublin sent its fire equipment racing a hundred miles to help the overtired Belfast firemen. I doubt if it is sufficiently strong among the higher levels of the population to be an insurmountable obstacle to union, should the basis of a union be eventually found.

The feeling about the British connection is another matter altogether. It may be difficult for many people of Irish blood to understand that the North has no desire to leave the British Commonwealth; but it is something that must be understood. The Northern Irishman—apart from most of the Catholics—has a genuine attachment to Britain. It is not that he thinks himself, or wants to be thought, English; in fact, he is quite prepared to criticize English people and English traits; herein resembling the Scots, who can combine loyalty to Britain with a stout feeling of superiority to the English.

How far the North would have moved towards the Irish Free State, set up by the Treaty of 1921, if that State had come peacefully into existence, it is hard to say. The North was given the option, in 1921, of voting itself into the Free State or of remaining out; and it chose to stay out. If the subsequent years had shown the North, on its southern frontier, a member-State of the British Commonwealth working within the Dominion framework envisaged by the Treaty, the argument for unity might have impressed itself on Northern minds. But the tragedy of the Civil War brought a new and unfortunate element into the problem.

It is altogether outside the scope of this paper to discuss the rights and wrongs of that short but disastrous struggle. It lasted scarcely a year; but its bitterness still remains after twenty years. We are interested chiefly in how it appeared from the North.

The Northerners saw a State in which the more moderate element, represented by Mr. Cosgrave—who would yet have been too remote from British-mindedness for them—was struggling to maintain itself against the separatist element, represented by Mr. De Valera. The latter—the Republican Party, as opposed to the Free State Party—carried on a boycott against the North as a reprisal for the persecution of the Catholics. Northern merchants saw shipments to and from the South seized in transit and destroyed. There were clashes at the border between Republican guerillas and Northern police. Until the definitive victory of the Free State, the North could not be sure that it would not be invaded by the Republicans. Inside the North, underground Republicans worked. There were killings and counter-killings. Not a very promising atmosphere for the growth of unity.

After the restoration of an uneasy peace in the South, about 1923, the Republicans, especially in the North, began to develop into the new "I.R.A."—a very different body from that which had carried on the fight against England. It represented the extremists, inflamed by resentment against the Orange Government, pledged to allegiance to "the Republic," impatient of any attempt at compromise.

In the early years of Partition, the Catholics of the North adopted the policy of ignoring the Northern Parliament, on the grounds that to send members to it would constitute a "recognition" which they did not wish to accord to the Northern Government. Catholics stood for elections, but refused to take their seats.

The average Northerner, then—like the average man anywhere, no profound political theorist—saw himself surrounded by a body of people of alien sympathies, who would wish to force him to exchange his position as a British citizen for the uncertain status of the Free State—for though Mr. Cosgrave may have been Dominion-minded, De Valera was steadily growing in power, and indeed failed of the Presidency by only one vote in 1927. The new "I.R.A." carried on a campaign of sporadic violence and assassination; and they seemed to flourish where Catholics did most abound.

In 1932, De Valera came to power and began his systematic course of separation from England. For six years there was an "economic war," which was finally settled by the Financial Agreement of 1938—again no soothing sight to the financial-minded North.

What we have to realize is that the average man in the North, though his great-great-grandfather may have been a red-hot rebel in 1798, has for some generations been bred in the British tradition, and that he feels as much at home in it as the average Southerner does in the opposite tradition. He sees his tradition rejected by the South, and feels that if he joins with the South he will be giving up something that he prizes very highly. He has, moreover, the suspicion that the South is only waiting for an opportunity to make some deal with England by which he will be put under Southern jurisdiction. And this complex of feelings, be it remembered, is the strongest support of the Northern Government.

As a final bit of clarification, we should distinguish the question of giving Eire jurisdiction over the whole island—a thing which could be very easily done once the British Government wished to do it—from the deeper problem of making a united Ireland—which cannot exist until both North and South are reasonably in agreement about it. We should remember, too, that the abuses of the Northern Government, especially its treatment of Catholics, are an argument for reforming it, but not necessarily for extinguishing it. In fact, the threat of extinction has been one of the obstacles in the way of obtaining a fair treatment of the Catholic third of the North. It is this fear that the Orange Government has always used to rally support in a crisis. A notable example was the election following the Chamberlain-De Valera Agreement of 1938, when the Northern leaders openly expressed fears of "being sold down the river" by the British Government.

III

It would seem to be clear, then, that the final solution of the problem will be worked out between Eire and a Northern Government of very different caliber from the one now in power. This Government would have to be one that commands the confidence of all parties in the North—Catholic and non-Catholic. That such a supposition is not too chimerical is suggested by the fact that Mr. Jack Beattie, a non-Catholic Labor member and a strong and courageous critic of the present Gov-

ernment, was recently elected to the West Belfast constituency, for generations a traditionally Catholic stronghold. The Government would have to feel secure—and the man in the street would have to feel secure—from the possibility of some *coup* or deal on the part of the South which would force them into unity. In fact, the removal of that fear (whether it be well founded or not) would be one of the severest blows that could be struck at Orange domination. It would mean that the Orange Party would have to face the electorate on purely domestic issues—not a pleasant prospect for them.

Union, therefore, would have to be preceded by a period in which the ending of Partition had not been particularly mooted, at least not as a political issue. There would certainly seem to be need of a period of cooling-off from the high temperatures that have existed for the past twenty years, before the discussion could be calm enough to be profitable. Such a cooling-off period would have the effect, as we have just said, of depriving the Orange Party of one of its strongest selling-points, and would pave the way to the election of a Government which would be fair to the Catholics.

It could hardly be very palatable to the South to give up the attack on Partition as an injustice to Ireland, and to forget, for a while, the agitation about their *irredenta*. But it would seem to be very practical politics, and the way to that unity which, after all, is one of the big objectives of all Southern political parties. On the question of justice, moreover, the North might point to the tripartite agreement signed on December 3, 1925, by the Governments of Britain, the Free State and the North, by which the Free State renounced any claims to alterations of the boundary.

There is one other point, and that a delicate and ticklish one. It is the conflict of two sentiments; almost of two national sentiments. If the trend in the South is away from Britain, the trend in the North is toward Britain. The Southerner does not wish to make his association with Britain any stronger than the rather vague and nebulous "association" of the present Constitution of Eire; the Northerner would not like to feel that, in uniting with Eire, he was leaving the British Commonwealth. An Irish Republic arouses in him no enthusiasm whatsoever.

Mr. De Valera has shown himself to be a far-sighted and wise statesman. He has shown his ability to find a basis for compromise in apparent deadlock. He has more than once spoken of the possibility of a federation of North and South, rather than absorption of the North by Eire. At the moment, he has achieved for that part of Ireland under the jurisdiction of his Government complete freedom of action in the national and international sphere. He has established good relations with the British Government. It should not surpass the wit of man, especially of a man like Mr. De Valera, to find a compromise which will satisfy the secular Irish desire for freedom, without alienating the North, whose own historic part in the struggle for freedom has been neither small nor unimportant.

THESE MEN WERE IRELAND: POETS IN THE CLOISTER

ELISABETH ANN MURPHY

TOWARD the end of 1918, and during a period which the Irish have labeled cryptically "The Troubles," G. K. Chesterton was sent from England to Ireland on a mission of good will. In the concluding lines of the book in which he recorded his impressions of his junket in the land of the green, Chesterton described his sailing for home at twilight.

As the England-bound vessel got under way, he experienced the optical illusion that Ireland was not receding from the ship but advancing. Such a feeling seemed symbolic to him. For, Chesterton explained, in a flash of memory he recalled that men from Ireland had gone forth not as torch-bearers of conquerors or of destroyers but as missionaries in the very midnight of the Dark Ages. And they were "like a multitude of moving candles, that were the light of the world."

Chesterton's last statement serves as a noteworthy reminder that although there is an old Irish proverb that strife is better than loneliness, and although there is a general opinion that the Irish invite trouble, nevertheless history holds otherwise.

It would be difficult to prove by documented evidence that Ireland as a nation courts conflict, and least of all that she has hopes for geographical expansion. On the contrary, it is relatively simple to show, historically, that Ireland cares little for the things of the world. To take but a single and obvious example: her unique record of clinging to her religious faith despite centuries of persecution justifies in a sense the application to Ireland and to her people of the words of Christ which appear in the Gospel: "Not in bread alone doth man live, but in every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God."

Now one cannot deny that from the outset of her Christian era, Ireland inaugurated a policy of dispatching to other realms whole armies of men. But these hosts were composed of many of her most highly endowed minds and souls. And their only aim was to teach and to preach: to help to spread a knowledge of the word of God and of the masterpieces of the classical world.

That twofold purpose suggests the thesis of this article, namely, that Ireland early exhibited a preference for intangibles; notably, religion, learning and poetry. And to that list should be added conversation. The Irishman, then, who is true to his heritage has no rationing problems today, for there

are not and never will be priorities on what is closest to his heart.

It is beyond the pale of this presentation to discuss the topic of the absolute indispensability to the Irish of grand conversation. Suffice it, in passing, to refer to a modern instance by quoting AE, who is credited with having said a few years ago that a Dubliner could not afford to spend an evening at the theatre. The sundry *soirées* offered in the national capital were too provocative, too witty, too stimulating to miss. And that joy in this form of intellectual diversion is one which is shared in varying degrees by Irish people of every economic status.

After the successful efforts of Saint Patrick in the fifth century to convert Ireland, a great network of monasteries sprang up quickly in that land. Among them was the renowned monastery of Bangor, to which came Saint Columbanus, who with his disciples subsequently founded more than one hundred monastic centers in Europe, including Luxeuil in Burgundy and Bobbio in Italy. Other early ecclesiastical landmarks were those of Clonard, Clonfert, Clonmacnoise, Glendalough, Moville, Aran and Derry. This last was established by Saint Columcille (recently celebrated by Robert Farren in the poem *This Man Was Ireland*), whose leadership eventually gave rise to the community called Iona.

Regarding the monastery of Iona, Helen Waddell has stated that it did "for England what the Roman Augustine failed to do." To Iona went Aidan, who, in turn, was mainly instrumental in the creation of the monastery of Lindisfarne, which provided the focal point in the Christianizing of northern England. The latter movement, emanating directly from Lindisfarne and indirectly from Ireland, although very important, has been publicized less than the mission which was sent from Rome to southern England in 597 by Pope Gregory the Great.

To all the Irish seats of religion and of learning came students by the thousands from Europe and from England. The venerable Bede himself has chronicled in his *Ecclesiastical History of the English Race* that immense numbers of Englishmen attended the Irish monastic schools. Triply worth quoting is an illustrative paragraph from Bede, because of its indirect tribute to the holiness of the Irish monks, because of its suggestion of the high standing of the sacred and secular instruction of-

ferred and because of its incidental revelation of the generosity of the Irish.

Many of the nobility and of the lower ranks of the English nation were there [in Ireland] at that time [664 A.D.], who, in the days of the Bishops Finan and Colman, forsaking their native island, retired thither, either for the sake of sacred studies, or of a more ascetic life; and some of them presently devoted themselves faithfully to a monastic life; others chose rather to apply themselves to study, going about from one master's cell to another. The Scots [the Irish] willingly received them all, and took care to supply them with daily food without cost, as also to furnish them with books for their studies and teaching free of charge.

So began the period known as the Golden Age of Ireland, an epoch which lasted until the Norse invasions of the ninth, tenth and eleventh centuries. That the brilliance of this era was reflected beyond the bounds of Ireland was a fact known to Bede, and it is one that is being recognized today by an increasing number of scholars. It is to the glory of the Church in Ireland that it stands out from the sixth to the tenth centuries as the most energetic center of religious life and of secular knowledge in Europe. Such prestige was gained first through Ireland's attracting to her schools students from all of Christian Europe north of the Alps and of the Pyrenees, and then through sending out men to become founders of churches, religious communities and schools abroad.

The combined devotion of her people to sacred and to profane learning, including the classics, mathematics and astronomy, soon won for Erin the epithet "land of Saints and of scholars." Of the double impact, spiritual and intellectual, which was felt subsequently on the continent, S. J. Crawford, an eminent scholar in the field of Anglo-Saxon culture, has written that the passionate enthusiasm with which the Irish dedicated themselves to the study of sacred learning and to the liberal arts during the Golden Age is "without parallel in the rest of Europe; its closest analog is perhaps the welcome accorded to Roman rhetoric in the schools of Gaul in the fourth century."

The classical scholar can hardly exaggerate the significance of the part played by the Irish in the preservation of the classics. Crawford claims that during the dark period of Europe, after the fall of the Roman Empire and throughout the storm and stress of the Lombard invasions, the liberal arts found their "asylum and haven of refuge" across the waters, in Ireland.

One of the grandest aspects of the intellectual flowering of Ireland was that some of her pollen, having been transferred to other lands, there fertilized seed that reproduced fruits akin to those of the parent plant. A part of the fruition was linguistic and literary. More and more of the students of this period of history are finding that in England, for example, we should probably not have had any records of Anglo-Saxon literature if the English had not initially received Christianity from the Irish. It was both Irish precept and example which taught the English to cultivate and to preserve their national language.

The Irish were peculiarly fitted to offer encouragement in this respect. The value which they assigned to their native tongue is indicated by the fact that before any other nation of western Europe, Ireland composed literature in her own rather than in the Latin tongue. For that reason Kuno Meyer, a widely acclaimed German scholar in the field of Irish literature and language, calls ancient Irish literature the earliest voice from the dawn of western European civilization. To only three countries did the arts come soon enough for their peoples to leave a record of their pagan culture written in a vernacular, or a national, literature. These three peoples were the Irish, the Anglo-Saxons and the Icelanders; the Irish were first.

The earliest literary productions of the Irish were poems, a fact of little surprise to a student of Irish culture. A fondness for poetry is one which has persisted through the centuries. Chesterton has observed that, in present-day Ireland, poetry is to that country what humor is to America: an institution. What he described as the "vanished etiquette" of the great bardic tradition of Ireland is somehow still in the air, and men and women move to it as to the steps of a half-lost dance. Chesterton said that he was extraordinarily happy in Dublin, which he found to be an "absolute paradise of poets." In that place, a person who felt inclined to quote a book or two of *Paradise Lost*, or to illustrate a point by reciting the complete ballad of *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* could be confident of being better understood than elsewhere.

Few love poems, but many religious and nature lyrics have survived from ancient Irish times. The hermit in his cell, the monk in his *scriptorium*, the contemplative in the forest—all gave expression to a feeling of joyous communion with nature, an identification, incidentally, which anticipated by several centuries the Franciscan tradition. A scribe engaged outdoors in copying in Latin some of the Scriptures would stop to set down in Gaelic two quatrains like the following:

The woodland thicket overtops me,
the blackbird sings me a lay, praise I will not conceal:

above my lined little booklet
the trilling of birds sings to me.

The clear cuckoo sings to me, lovely discourse,
in its grey cloak from the crest of the bushes;
truly—may the Lord protect me!—
well do I write under the forest wood.

Another eighth or ninth-century poem, *The Hermit's Song*, presents the double theme of nature and of religion, and it exemplifies what AE, in conversation with a scholar, once called the incandescent quality of the Irish mind. This poem reflects, in addition, the characteristic ideals of those groups of men, twelve or thirteen in number, who isolated themselves because they believed that individual spiritual purity and closeness to God could be best achieved through the practice of asceticism. Their rigorous discipline had, according to Helen Waddell, "the positive austerity that is the driving force of the great apostolates."

Travelers for Christ, *Peregrinantes pro Christo*,

these voluntary exiles in remote parts of Ireland and of Europe were named. The lyric avows their desire for a solitary shelter in the wilderness; for a frugal menu of herbs and water and fish and fowl; for the companionship of birds and of animals; for a life of piety and simplicity; and for the opportunity to "be sitting for a time praying to God in every place."

I wish, O Son of the living God,
eternal ancient King,
for a secret hut in the wilderness
that it may be my dwelling.

A very blue shallow well
to be beside it,
a clear pool for washing away sins
through the grace of the Holy Ghost.

A beautiful wood close by
around it on every side
for the nurture of many-voiced birds
to shelter and hide it.

Facing the south for warmth,
a little stream across its ground,
a choice plot with abundant bounties
which would be good for every plant.

A few sage disciples,
I will tell their number,
humble and obedient
to pray to the King.

Four threes, three fours
ready for every need,
two sixes in the church
both south and north.

Six couples as well
beside me myself
praying through the long ages
to the King who moves the sun.

A lovely church decked with linen,
a dwelling for God of Heaven;
then, bright candles
over the holy white scriptures.

One table to frequent
for the refreshment of the body,
without ribaldry, without boasting,
without meditation of evil.

This is the housekeeping I would get,
I would choose it without concealing,
fragrant fresh leeks, hens,
salmon, trout, bees.

My fill of clothing and food
from the King of good fame,
and for me to be sitting for a time
praying to God in every place.

It is verse of the kind just quoted that caused Kuno Meyer to reason that:

In nature poetry the Gaelic muse may vie with that of any other nation. Indeed, these poems occupy a unique position in the literature of the world. To seek out and watch and love nature, in its tiniest phenomena as in its grandest, was given to no people so early and so fully as to the Celt. Many hundreds of Gaelic . . . poems testify to this fact. It is a characteristic of these poems that in none of them do we get an elaborate or sustained description of any scene or scenery, but rather a succession of pictures and images which the poet, like an impressionist, calls up before us by light and skilful touches . . . The Celts were always quick to take an

artistic hint; they avoid the obvious and the commonplace; the half-said thing to them is dearest.

Nature poetry was composed and sponsored by the early Irish whether they were under the monastic or anchorite rule. This first poetic literature bears marks of resemblance to that of the Greeks, specifically to the idylls of Theocritus. As Kenneth Jackson points out, however, the accent is different in the Irish nature poetry. Theocritus merely listened to the birds and commented upon the pleasantness of their songs. The Irish felt a transcendent relationship with the creatures of nature. So it was that the hermit Marvan, a brother of a King of Connaught in the seventh century, having renounced the life of a warrior-prince for that of a solitary, makes his hut a trysting-place for stags, boars, foxes, swarms of bees and chafers—"the little musicians of the world"—familiar cuckoos, and "the bright red-breasted men."

To Marvan, these and their brethren are "a peaceful company"; "a grave host of the countryside"; and "fairest princes." He tells his royal brother that he will not trade for the material possessions of the world the great joy that he derives from association with the "nimble songsters" that make music "that is not hired." In the poem, *King and Hermit*, Marvan concludes contentedly:

Though you delight in your own pleasures
greater than all wealth,
for my part I am thankful for what is given me
from my dear Christ.

Without an hour of quarrel, without the noise of
strife
which disturbs you,
grateful to the Prince who gives every good
to me in my hut.

What religious men like Marvan wanted and discovered in nature has been depicted beautifully in the poem *Peregrinari pro Amore Dei*, which was addressed to ancient Irish monks by Robin Flower, Deputy Keeper of Manuscripts in the British Museum. Only four stanzas are here quoted:

Yet tender things
Among the looming shadows gathered round
And a sweet sound
Of many wings
Swept on the waters, trembled on the ground.

And the small beasts
That shun man's footfall in the woodland ways
Came to God's praise
And shared such feasts
As the rich forests yield in autumn days.

Here one would take
A fox, and one a deer for acolyte;
And fresh from night
The hawthorn brake
With you gave thanks in scent and song for light.

So beast and tree
And the dim fugitive shapes that gleam and hide
In wind and tide,
From air and sea
Spoke to you secrets else to men denied.

Today, when the empire of the spirit is again rocked by convulsions among the empires of the world, Ireland may once more be destined for the role of conservator and missionary of the humanities and faith.

SOME NOTES ON THE LABOR FRONT

BENJAMIN L. MASSE

IN this third year of the war, there is a growing restlessness among the leaders of our major economic groups. Despite the voracious demands of the armed forces and of our allies, which are being met to the general satisfaction of our generals and statesmen, the leaders of labor, business and agriculture are devoting a great deal of time to their respective postwar problems. While they cannot with any degree of certainty predict what conditions will confront them after the defeat of Germany and Japan, they know at least that the situation is bound to be difficult.

This is especially true of organized labor and helps to explain the growing restlessness among the workers. During the first months following the passage of the Smith-Connally Act, which was mainly designed to lessen the number of strikes, the time lost through industrial disputes somewhat increased. In the eighty-seven instances in which strike votes were conducted according to the provisions of this law, in all except eight cases the men voted to walk out. The national headquarters of many unions have become so many fire-departments. They are forced to spend much of their time rushing about the country to put out blazes started by an unruly rank and file.

The major immediate problem confronting labor leaders, is without doubt, the Government's wage stabilization program. Regardless of statistics, the masses of organized labor feel that their Government has not dealt justly with them. They are sincerely convinced that they, and not farmers and businessmen, have borne the brunt of the anti-inflation campaign. At a recent meeting with President Roosevelt, leaders of the CIO, A. F. of L. and the railroad brotherhoods called the "Little Steel" formula "unrealistic," "outdated," "unworkable." Even if they personally thought differently—which they do not—as the chosen representatives of the workers they had no other choice. The rank and filers have turned thumbs down on "Little Steel."

But the dissatisfaction of their followers with the present wage-stabilization program is only one reason why labor leaders want to stretch the President's yardstick. They know that this war is not going to last forever, and that if labor expects higher hourly wage-rates in the postwar world than exist today, now is the time to get them. Once the shooting is over, labor will be a drug on the market. With millions of demobilized war workers and soldiers hunting for jobs, labor leaders will find it very difficult, perhaps impossible, to persuade management to raise wage rates.

The average citizen, who relies almost exclusively for information on newspapers and radio

commentators and uncritically believes what they say, will regard the thinking outlined above as just another example of labor's overweening selfishness. Have not factory payrolls, according to Government figures highlighted in the press, skyrocketed since the beginning of the war? Have not these payrolls, to be more specific, advanced \$57 billion, or 52.1 per cent since 1939? What does organized labor want anyway?

Considered superficially, the figures do place labor's current campaign against the "Little Steel" formula in a bad light and apparently justify the criticism one hears on the radio and reads in the press. But when the figures are analyzed, as they are by Sumner H. Slichter, Harvard economist, in the February *Atlantic Monthly*, they tell a different story and one, incidentally, that reflects little credit on the intelligence and spirit of fair play of certain radio commentators and editorial writers.

Dr. Slichter points out that higher hourly wage rates have not been the main factor in the \$57 billion rise in factory payrolls since 1939. Using official Government figures, he shows that only \$13 billion of the increase can be attributed to higher wage rates. The chief reason for the huge difference between 1939 and 1943 payrolls is that now many more people are at work. The expansion of the work force accounts for more than one-third of the total—about \$21.2 billion. The next most important factor is the widespread shifting of workers from low-paying to high-paying jobs. About \$13.4 billion was added to payrolls in this way. The longer work week and penalty overtime payments account for another \$9.2 billion. With due allowance made for these factors, Dr. Slichter estimates that the price of factory labor since 1939 has advanced 32.3 per cent, and not 52.1 per cent, as Government figures tend to show.

And there is still more to the story. The figures given above cover factory payrolls only, i.e., manufacturing businesses where wages are higher than in non-manufacturing industries. If the latter are also considered, as they should be if one wants an honest picture of the situation, the charge that organized labor, in pressing for a change in the "Little Steel" formula, is profiteering will be seen to have a pretty flimsy foundation. When the wages paid in non-manufacturing industries are given their due weight, "the average increase," Dr. Slichter estimates, "in the price of labor in all industries between 1939 and July, 1943, was a little more than twenty per cent." And this must be compared with the 24.7 per-cent-increase in the rise in living costs during the same period.

We may not approve of labor's efforts to raise hourly wage rates, either to meet the rising cost of living or to prepare for peacetime conditions, but at least we can understand them, and even see some justification in them. The knowledge that the general public is persuaded that organized labor is greedy is not helping the morale of workers. They no more relish being made the victims of an ignorant and unjust accusation than do the rest of us.

Labor is badly worried also, and very resentful, over the anti-labor sentiment among the men in

the armed services. The worry can be easily understood: the eleven million young men in uniform are going to have a great deal to say about post-war affairs, including labor organizations. But the reasons for labor's resentment may not be clear to the average reader.

Labor figures that it has done a pretty good job during the war, at least as good as that of any other economic group. Its no-strike record, based on the number of man-hours lost through stoppages, is better than ninety-nine-per-cent perfect. Human nature being what it is, there has been some time lost through loafing and through unwillingness to abandon "make-work" practices, but labor's production record on the whole has been excellent. In one industry alone—steel—so many production records have been broken that it has become monotonous to chronicle them. Labor-Management joint-production committees, now functioning in more than 4,000 war plants, have written one of the brightest chapters in the history of this war. A recent issue of *Labor-Management News* said:

The records of the War Production Board contain thousands of examples of how these joint committees have speeded the output of vital weapons and equipment, improved manpower utilization, reduced absenteeism and accidents, conserved essential materials and salvaged thousands of tons of critical metal.

In addition to its production record, labor is proud of its contributions to the Red Cross, of its donations to blood banks, of its war-bond purchases. It is proud, too, of its stand on wartime legislation. It supported the President's original seven-point anti-inflation program, food subsidies, a liberal soldiers'-vote bill, anti-profiteering legislation. It stood, in general, for measures which would benefit soldiers and their dependents. And it is especially proud of its members, and the sons and daughters of its members, who are serving in the armed services.

And yet, labor finds itself in the serviceman's doghouse. Workers feel, rightly or wrongly, that it was planned that way. They think that those who control the news, both here and abroad, have played up strikes and played down production with the intent of putting organized labor in disrepute.

Naturally this has begotten widespread resentment among the unions, and this resentment has been exacerbated by the inability of labor adequately to present its side of the story to the soldiers, or even to the folk at home. In various ways, it is true, organized labor is attempting to counteract the influence of anti-labor propaganda among the armed services, but the job of nullifying the power of the nation's press and radio is a tough one.

Another source of restlessness is the approaching Presidential election. Labor long ago realized that it can never achieve its social and economic objectives by purely economic activity. In this modern world of ours, where Governmental activity has vastly expanded, social and economic problems are inextricably bound up with politics. Organized labor was unpleasantly reminded of this

two years ago when the absence from the polls of thousands of workers resulted in the most unfriendly Congress in years.

This time labor is determined not to be caught napping. The Congress of Industrial Organizations has set up and generously financed a special Political Action Committee to mobilize its political power behind candidates friendly to labor. The Committee is proceeding in a business-like way to organize workers on a precinct basis all over the country. It has even gone beyond the ranks of labor to find directors experienced in the practical side of politics, among them men of the stature of former Congressman R. S. McKeough, of Illinois, and C. B. Baldwin, former administrator of the Farm Security Administration. So efficiently has the work of organization progressed that already there have been repercussions in Washington. The Dies Committee to investigate subversive activities is reported eager to get its hands on the Political Action Committee's books, although it is not entirely clear just what is subversive about labor organizing to support political candidates friendly to it.

In this and in other ways, CIO leaders are learning that the paths of politics are devious, indeed. In two key States, New York and Michigan, the Political Action Committee has encountered serious trouble. In Michigan, where there is considerable sentiment for the immediate founding of a labor party, a strong group is showing little disposition to go along with the official CIO program. In New York, Sidney Hillman, President of the powerful Amalgamated Clothing Workers, has joined Communist-dominated CIO unions in an attempt to capture the machinery of the American Labor Party from its present Right-Wing and liberal State leadership. The result has been dissension among CIO unions and the public repudiation of Mr. Hillman's plan by an influential group of Right-Wing leaders. These men, and with good reason, do not believe that the CIO contemplated any such plan when it established the Political Action Committee.

To make matters worse, President Green of the American Federation of Labor has instructed all internationals and locals "under no circumstances" to collaborate with the CIO Committee. "We cannot allow," he wrote in a sharp circular letter, "the prestige and standing of the A. F. of L. to be exploited or used by dual rival, rebel movements." Whereupon all hope for a united labor stand in the coming elections evaporated. It is already certain that if Mr. Roosevelt runs for a fourth term, he will not receive the united support of organized labor. Whether there will be unity, if not "collaboration," in supporting candidates for Congress and State offices remains to be seen. Meanwhile the restlessness in the ranks of labor grows.

These are the main, but not the only headaches of labor leaders. If German resistance, for instance, proves stronger than is anticipated and the war in Europe continues into 1945, the public demand for a national-service act may prove irresistible. And then there are always the Communists, whose nuisance value is incalculable!

TO THE LEAST OF HIS BRETHREN

PAUL DEARING

WORKS of charity, services founded on love of neighbor, have been carried on for twenty centuries as a matter of course by the Catholic Church. In Apostolic days, long before the era of the catacombs, the needs of the poor were amply supplied through the generosity of the more fortunate members of the Church, whose charity attracted the notice and admiration even of pagan groups. In fact, the magnitude of the Church's charities across the centuries is almost beyond the power of mind to encompass. Regardless of race, nationality or creed, the Church extends today, as always, a ready hand to assist those in need.

In the midst of World War II, those upon whose generosity the Church relies for her program of service to stricken humanity, seldom realize the advantage to which their contributions are employed. Statistics may indicate but cannot describe the material and spiritual benefits that the Church is enabled to bring to the victims of grim years of war. The scope of that charity is indicated by the fact that funds for food, clothing, medicine and other supplies were allocated by the American Bishops last year for civilians and prisoners of war in China, Japan, India, Great Britain, Finland, France, Greece, the Baltic States, Malta, the Balkan States, Philippines, Hawaii, United States, Turkey, Italy, Spain, Portugal and North Africa. When the full story is supplied by the Bishops' War Emergency and Relief Committee, the account will be one that will command the admiration of all.

Yet, despite the untold benefits that have accrued to hundreds of thousands of innocent victims of war, homeless refugees, civilian internees, war prisoners and women and children imprisoned in Hitler's European fortress, the need grows.

Consider the present plight of Belgium. Officials there estimate that twenty per cent of the population will have perished by the end of this year. The most reliable source of information in Belgium reveals that tuberculosis has increased 800 per cent since June, 1940, that thirty-six per cent of the country's 2,250,000 children are tubercular because of insufficient food and lack of medicine to combat disease.

The situation in Poland is incredibly more desperate. We are told that by 1945 the war will have destroyed half the population of that once proud republic. Stories of atrocities committed against the Poles far outrank in horror similar stories from other countries. The situation in Greece, Holland, France and elsewhere in Europe and Asia is slightly better than in Poland, but it is nevertheless grave.

"When I saw the [Polish] children in Iraq,"

Bishop Josef Gawlina, Chaplain of the Polish armed forces relates, "I was moved to tears. You should see the immense cemetery in Teheran where our Polish children are buried. In the Teheran Camp I saw two boys who looked like living skeletons in tattered clothing, begging for bread. . . ."

Catholic charity stemming from the Vatican, but supported in generous measure by allocations from the "Bishops' Relief" fund of \$1,292,000 raised in our churches last March, eased the misery of many war sufferers. Meanwhile, a report from the Church's mission areas presents a brighter picture. In the space of a single year, the Church was enabled to add to her record of charity 35 million free medical treatments administered in 3,410 mission hospitals; 109,601 homeless children cared for in 846 orphanages; 15,089 persons given shelter in 409 homes for the aged; 13,265 afflicted housed and given spiritual attention in 121 leper colonies, and 2,022,058 pupils provided with free education in 34,743 Catholic schools.

Such achievement, made possible mainly through the generosity of American Catholics, must surely argue that the rank-and-file Catholic has attained a more realistic concept of the amazing implications imbedded in the doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ. The response to the Bishops' Relief appeal in 1941, 1942 and 1943, if it indicates anything, indicates that American Catholics understand that charity is not merely co-terminous with Christian life but is *that life*.

Announcement of the "Bishops' Relief" appeal, to be made this year in most U. S. dioceses on March 19, again calls to mind the fact that the Church not only is a visible organization established by Christ but is Christ himself shared in and projected. "Rejoice, my brethren," wrote St. Augustine, "*you are not only Christians but Christ*. He prays in me and I in Him, He suffers in me and I suffer in Him; we must not look at ourselves as being other than Himself." Poignant words these: they explain why a hungry Catholic in Lwów or Brussels, Reykjavik or Addis Ababa is as close to us as the fellow next door who belongs to our Friday-night bridge club.

Thus, from the bomb-shattered huts of Malta to the orphan colonies of Iran, from the bleak quarters of American prisoners-of-war within the shadow of Fujiyama to the prison camps in our own country, the long arm of Catholic charity reaches out with material comforts and spiritual consolations for all who stand in need. 'Round-the-world charity in time of war depends upon the voluntary generosity of the financially-able faithful everywhere. Our prayers and contributions in the appeal are known only to God but, by them, we whose hands are the hands of the Mystical Christ will continue for another year to serve our stricken fellow Catholics in lands that cradled our Faith. In the light of this faith, American Catholics will see in the appeal another occasion when He calls to us from His exile in a concentration camp, a dugout under a bombshattered home, a disease-ridden area in a devastated land. *Deus Caritas Est*—God is Love.

MANY a Catholic editor, as he lays down his daily paper and reflects as to what he can say about it, doubtless passes his hand over his brow, heaves a sigh and remarks: "Never was there a time when more needs to be said about the teachings of Christianity upon the social and economic problems of the day. But never was there a time when your utterances are more easily misunderstood. As long as you stick to generalities, you can declaim at will. But when you draw up a bill of particulars, you are colored with party politics."

A dilemma which we always have more or less with us, like God's poor, is especially present to our thoughts during an election year. It may ease the burden a bit to consider some reasons for this difficulty as well as the best way to escape it.

If you discuss any type of social reform, even the outline of a Papal Encyclical, there are a fair number of otherwise instructed people who see even in that a political attitude. These are simply persons to whom the whole field of Christian social teaching is quite unfamiliar. The only kind of thinking or acting such people know, outside of caring for purely individual interests, is ordinary party politics. Hence it is natural enough they make such a mistake. Their number is lessening, and will doubtless be insignificant as the elements of Christian social teaching are widely taught and preached.

Much more troublesome, from a practical point of view, is the type of misunderstanding that results from the actual use of social or economic issues by various types of interested agencies: by the revolutionary groups, as well as by the old-line parties. When a party campaigns for votes on the strength of the social reforms it alone advocates, it is natural enough for the ordinary person to put these down to the credit of the aforesaid party—or to discredit the reforms themselves by alleging their partisan affiliation.

Probing, then, a little further, we find as the reason for the dilemma the inability of social or economic reforms, with few exceptions, to come down out of the clouds and become working realities, unless they take shape in some kind of political action.

The very difficulties, however, suggest the answer. Whatever form the platforms of the major political parties may take this coming season, we can wager a few boxes of election-year cigars they will show a greater unanimity on many of the principal socio-economic issues than has appeared in former years, and a greater *common* or *joint* anxiety to "make good" on these issues, without bringing too many fundamentals into the current electoral dispute, at least on the national scale.

In place, therefore, of too many sedulous disclaimers of political intent, it would seem the part of ordinary prudence to concentrate upon the issues, domestic or international, which as Christians and Catholics we believe should be sponsored by the major political parties. This is a type of non-partisan political activity in which all can safely and profitably engage.

SAINT PATRICK

FOR a Saint about whom very little is known, Saint Patrick is probably the best known man in the world.

The whole wide world over, March 17 is Saint Patrick's Day. Shamrocks suddenly blossom and little green ribbons, worn with belligerent pride or a casual self-consciousness or with teasing good nature. The "Irish exiles" introduced him to the world. Even for a lone Irishman in any city or nation, Saint Patrick's Day is a grand holiday. Where two Irishmen are gathered together, it becomes a celebration. If there are three, naturally, there is a parade. You cannot have a parade with less than three, for there must be a grand marshal, the main marching body and the rear guard.

It is strange, when you stop to think of it, that Saint Patrick should have become so popular. The "shy, inarticulate" Irish actually do not talk too much about him. They simply enshrine him wherever they go, name their children and their churches after him, and leave the rest to himself. He is not a Saint you turn to for favors. Certainly he is not an easy Saint for imitation. He is cast in the heroic mold, great in deeds, frightening in his penances, exhausting in his prayers.

For all that, there is something simple about him, something warm and fond and laughing. Perhaps he is a Lenten Saint, who left to his people a deep acceptance of the inevitable hardness of human life, yet at the same time gave them a high sense of human dignity to help them rise above life's difficulties, and even find a joy and peace in all circumstances.

He left them a sense of values, which is not unlike a sense of humor: sense of the nearness and dearness and grandeur of God; a sense of the smallness and bigness of man, whose only greatness is godliness and whose godliness can only be fashioned through Christ and His Cross; a sense of the beauty and goodness of all "little things." They are all beautiful because they are God's. They are all little because they are less than man. Only man is important because he can smile and fight and suffer his way through all things to God. And *every* man is important because "God knows he's a sorry looking sight, but he may be one of God's own Saints for all that."

TEHERAN

WARTIME moods change rapidly. After Pearl Harbor this country was swept by a desire to strike back at the Japs. Shortly came the crusading mood, the determination to win the peace as well as the war, to see to it that "this war shall not have been fought in vain." In time this crystalized into the willingness, if not the eagerness, to unite with other nations for the sake of guaranteeing peace after victory.

This mood reached its peak in the welcome that was given to the Moscow Pact. We looked forward eagerly to the conference of conferences at Teheran.

Today the mood has changed again. We are in a worried, a pessimistic, cynical, almost despairing mood. Not only the chronic opposition, but many who are sincerely anxious for world cooperation, feel that the Atlantic Charter and the Moscow Pact mean no more than the expediency of the moment cares to read into them. All too frequently we hear it said that the peace has already been lost.

Washington must be aware of this mood. It is a dangerous mood. Yet Washington is silent, and the silence in the face of the mood is ominous, for Washington could dispel the mood by telling us honestly and as fully as possible what took place at Teheran.

What did take place? From American accounts we know that a conference was held, that the conference closed with a rather hilarious birthday celebration. From Prime Minister Churchill we learn that Eastern European boundaries were discussed, and apparently it was decided to allow Russia a free hand. From the same source, we gather that at least Italy and Yugoslavia were discussed. What else?

What else? The cautious, parsimonious way in which information has been doled out gives rise to that question. More perhaps than Russia's actions in Eastern Europe, the tantalizing persistence of that little "what else" is responsible for the dangerous mood of the day.

The American people have a right and a need to know what transpired at Teheran, and how events since Teheran affect the Atlantic Charter, the Moscow Pact and our war aims. Facing the greatest military test of our whole history, we need official reassurance that the peace has not already been lost.

LABOR AND THE ILO

ONE of the notable achievements of the League of Nations was the establishment of the International Labor Office, with headquarters at Geneva—but since moved to Montreal—to formulate plans looking toward the social betterment of the peoples of affiliated nations. According to its Constitution, membership is open to two Government delegates from each member nation and to one representative from each of its dominant business and labor groups. The labor and business groups are designated by their respective governments.

When Congress, by joint resolution in 1936, authorized Mr. Roosevelt to seek membership in the ILO, he selected the American Federation of Labor as the leading American labor group and the United States Chamber of Commerce as the leading business group. Although the designation of the A.F. of L. was, despite John L. Lewis, logical at the time it was made, it has since become one more source of disaffection in the ranks of organized labor. The Congress of Industrial Organizations naturally denies that the A.F. of L. is the representative American labor group and has been demanding for some time equal representation with its rival in the ILO. In view of the approaching meeting of the International Labor Organizations, scheduled to open April 20, in Philadelphia, the question has lately assumed a critical importance.

Such is the background for the recent demand of the President that the A.F. of L. concede a CIO request for equal representation at the Philadelphia meeting.

The whole matter came to a head several months ago when the State Department's committee on labor standards and social security, on which both the major unions are represented, submitted a report which touched upon the work of the ILO. Philip Murray, President of the CIO, refused to sign the report, alleging, according to Louis Stark of the *New York Times*, "that if the ILO was to handle such problems in 'realistic' fashion, it should be sufficiently 'realistic' to include a CIO delegate in its top labor group at next month's meeting." Hence the Presidential action last week which put the issue squarely up to the A.F. of L.

In view of its present policy, the A.F. of L. cannot consistently accede to Mr. Roosevelt's demand. To President Green and his Executive Board, the CIO is a "rebel, rival organization" and to concede it equality at the ILO meeting would be tantamount to admitting that it equally represents the organized workers of the country and deserves to stand on a par with the A.F. of L. To sustain this position it is entirely possible that, if the President persists in his purpose, the A.F. of L. may withdraw from the Philadelphia meeting, and even persuade the Congress to deny further appropriations to the ILO.

Such a development would be deeply deplorable for many serious reasons. We hope that A.F. of L. leaders will reconsider what must seem to the general public a petulant and unrealistic stand.

WAR AIMS

PEARL HARBOR proved the inadequacy of our military preparation for war, though by a superlative effort on the home front and the superlative heroism of our fighting men on the battle fronts we have substantially reversed the military situation of December 7, 1941. But Pearl Harbor caught us totally unprepared for war on the philosophical or spiritual plane; and that unpreparedness has not yet been remedied.

Hanson W. Baldwin, in the *New York Times* of March 2, reveals the confusion that exists among our soldiers as to why they are fighting and what they are fighting for.

One of Hanson Baldwin's informants, a young corporal, thus expressed himself:

Those who gave us our first introduction into the basic skills of fighting, and those who lectured us on what the issues were supposed to be, were alike men of little conviction or knowledge. This was all the more lamentable, for we were very impressionable then. Our civilian shells had been broken, and we had not yet formed our new Army ones. Good instructors who knew what it was all about could have made profound impressions.

Doubtless we can say to our men, and say truthfully, that they are fighting for the defense of America. That is the all-impelling motive; just as the British fight for the defense of Britain and the Russians for the defense of Russia.

But no American, however confused, supposes that the defeat of the enemy is the whole problem of defending America. The defense is not complete unless, besides repelling the present military threat, it also gives some security against a recurrence of the threat. The job of winning the war is comparatively simple. But the job of making the war stay won is vastly more difficult and more complicated; and here it is that Americans, in the words of the Editor of the *Saturday Review of Literature*, "know that when they try to look beyond the war they are looking at a blank wall."

The British Army organizes and encourages study and discussion of war aims and postwar aims by its soldiers. We need have no fear that the Red Army is not properly indoctrinated with Russia's ideals. Our enemies have given their soldiers a philosophy which may be damnable but certainly is dynamic. But we let our soldiers wander around in a sort of G.I. mist compounded of good humor, griping, wisecracks and heroic toughness.

The evil is not of yesterday's growth. The men whom we are inducting into the armed services have been educated during the "long armistice" between the two world wars. Our public life in those years oscillated between the high, wide and fancy 'twenties and the grim 'thirties; our foremost writers cynically sabotaged the ideals which bore us up in the last war; Prohibition, trailing clouds of gangsterism, made a mockery of law and order. Through it all, the voice of Public Education pathetically urged us to avoid evil and do good; but forgot to enlighten us on the difference between good and evil.

As a result, we did not know evil when we saw it. The moral evils in our economic system that

produced the crash of 1929 had been there for years; but we did not realize that anything was wrong until our economy fell apart before our eyes. Then we knew that something had been wrong; but too many have not yet diagnosed the moral ailment. We did not recognize the evils of Nazism and Fascism until they actually struck at us; and even yet we have not properly recognized their moral, as distinct from their military, danger. We did not clearly see the evils in the international order; we thought that we could avoid them by ignoring them.

We have not properly understood that man is essentially a moral being; and that men and nations must live by the moral law or perish. The right moral atmosphere is as essential to our survival as the right physical atmosphere. We can struggle along with an appearance of health for some years in a poisoned moral environment; but sooner or later comes the breakdown. It was so in 1914; it was so in 1939; it will be so in 1970, if we do not make a change.

We cannot know the evils that we wish to destroy unless we first know the good that they would deprive us of. Destruction of evil means construction of a good. Yet here begin our difficulties. When we try to define the good things we want, we find our way confused by selfish interests and old prejudices. If we speak out clearly against the Nazi idea of race supremacy, we run full tilt against the legislature of South Carolina proclaiming white supremacy. If we demand social justice at home as a prerequisite to peace abroad, we stir up a hornet's nest of special interests. At the mere suggestion that our Government proposed to educate our soldiers as the British do theirs, Washington would rock on its foundations with the political dynamite thus exploded.

What we need at this moment is the agreement of the major political parties upon the moral issues of the war and the peace, thus to take them out of the political arena. The basis for such an agreement has been laid in the Seven Point Declaration by Catholic, Jewish and Protestant religious leaders. We need next the conviction that to seek to establish a stable peace without regard to these moral principles is worse than waste of time; it is the preparation for a third world war. Finally we need—and need very badly—the courage of our conviction; the readiness to put these principles into action, even at the cost of national egoism and selfish interests.

It should not be impossible for our great political parties to agree upon a statement of principles which would give our fighting men some idea of what they are fighting for. Some pamphlet or booklet could embody these principles, and they could readily become the topics of discussion in the camps. If this sounds a bit odd, that is just because we have too long taken it for granted that the average soldier is uninterested in things intellectual. The average soldier is an average American; he is interested in America and America's place in the world. It is our politicians whose wits are wool-gathering.

LITERATURE AND ART

THE PEOPLE VS. THE BARD

GEORGE O'NEILL

IT seems strange that in an era when public issues, political and governmental, the claims of majorities and minorities, have been discussed and weighed in verse as well as in prose, have involved the drama and the epic, that Shakespeare's relation to such questions has not been a subject of examination and discussion. He has continued to be lauded for his "boundless, cloudless, human view," for a general generosity and humanity of outlook, while it has been left to a very small number of writers, none of them in the foremost rank of Shakespearian expounders or critics, to challenge the unquestioning verdict of the admirers.

It seems worth while to consider what those objectors have to say; it is certain that their contentions are not negligible; but even if not accepted, they contribute to throw light on works that are believed to stand secure above the changing verdicts of changing times. How does Shakespeare treat the common man, the crowd, the manual toiler, the poor? That is the question that appears to deserve from our age a consideration it has not received.

The human dignity common to rich and poor has often been missed by drama in its higher flights. When not bombasted out by decorations of state and circumstance, or by romantic exaggerations, it does not readily appeal to the dramatist; and this for the plain reason that it does not usually in actual life attract the eye of the beholder. European drama everywhere has illustrated this reign of class-distinction. Greek tragedy, for example, with its "tale of Troy divine," it dooms of Thebes and Argos, its Medeas and Phaedras, put only the "big people" in the center of its stage; the "small people" figure only as victims or slaves, or (at best) as a well regulated Chorus.

When that antique drama died an unholy death, with the thunders of the Fathers of the Church rolling over its head, then something new could be looked for; and it came. Quietly arose the Christian medieval drama; and, arising as it did among the people and the clergy, it naturally reflected Christian popular feeling. It was natural that no longer royal tyrants and termagants should strut the stage as heroes and heroines when a stable, a sheepfold, or a carpenter's shop might be its scenes, and its personages a fisherman, a ploughman, a sinful repentant woman. When the skies opened to throw light and music on such persons as these, it was clear that the poor and despised of earth had

claims to sit in the most exalted places. Such was, in fact, the testimony given, despite weaknesses and crudities, by the medieval drama.

With the Renaissance and the Reformation, that Christian spell was broken. The spirit of the Mystery and Miracle Plays was dispersed in other forms, and had thenceforth to fight in various lands a losing battle against many foes.

In England the spirit of the medieval drama lived on while the miracle-plays were succeeded by "morality-plays." In these is nothing made plainer than the unimportance of merely social distinctions. That spirit was fully alive in the non-dramatic work of Chaucer and Langland. Life appeared as a Canterbury pilgrimage in which the ploughman and the knight, the cook and the prioress, Everyman, in fact, appeared as partners in one great quest, the same in its goal while infinitely varied in its costumes, equipment and adventures.

And then came Puritanism, and the suppression of monasteries and pilgrimages, and the attempted suppression of the stage.

And with these came Shakespeare. What of him? Might not one expect to find in his plays a survival, elevated perhaps and refined, of the spirit of the Canterbury pilgrims, if not of the Malvern shepherds? Did he not possess the eye that sees through rags and tatters to inner souls of goodness and greatness—the humane and kindly touch on social foibles and inequalities?

And when we read the panegyrics that have been poured forth without measure on the Elizabethan drama, and on Shakespeare in particular, we hardly catch any note of disappointment. We are told, for example, by Professor Dowden that "Shakespeare's representation of the people is by no means harsh or ungenial . . . he recognized that the heart of the people is sound"; by Professor Tucker that "he noted everything . . . always with humorous and universal sympathy"; by the poet Mr. Watson of "Shakespeare's boundless, cloudless, human view"; and so on. But if we turn from the academic and patriotic chorus of panegyrics we shall find a few writers who, as the old monks put it, "sing outside the chorus"—persons not wholly negligible who chant quite a different tune with regard to the great Elizabethan, and in particular with regard to his attitude towards the vast mass of his fellowmen. That attitude, they point out, is unsocial and un-Christian.

The first non-conformist we shall quote is Leo Tolstoy. A good Shakespeare critic he certainly was not, as his long diatribe against *King Lear* may show; but assuredly a sincere, if unwise, lover of humanity. And, as he has had many admirers in this character, it is surprising that his hostile criticism of the Shakespearian presentation of life should have been so generally ignored. Count Tol-

stoy's eighty-page essay on Shakespeare was elicited by a previous essay, the author of which was Mr. Ernest Crosby, socialist author of two generations ago. To Crosby we shall return. Meantime the remarkable utterances addressed primarily to him by the Russian social philosopher may be sampled by the following sentences:

I remember the astonishment I felt when I first read Shakespeare. I expected to receive a powerful esthetic pleasure but, having read, one after another, works referred to as his best, *King Lear*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*, not only did I feel no delight, but I felt an irresistible repulsion and tedium. My consternation at this was increased by the fact that I always keenly felt the beauties of poetry in every form; then why (I said) should works of art recognized by the whole world as those of a genius not only fail to please me but be disagreeable to me? For a long time I could not believe myself and, during a space of fifty years, I re-read Shakespeare's dramas, comedies and historical plays—in Russian, in English, in Schlegel's German translation, and I invariably experienced the same feelings—repulsion, weariness and bewilderment. Being desirous to test myself once more, I have, as an old man of seventy-five, again read the whole of Shakespeare, and I have felt with even greater force the same feelings—but not, this time, of bewilderment; no, but with the firm conviction that the glory enjoyed by Shakespeare, which compels writers to imitate him, and readers to discover in him non-existent merits, is a great evil, as is every falsehood.

Let not the author of this essay be suspected of any acceptance of Tolstoy's general mis-estimate of the greatness of Shakespeare. On the contrary, he agrees with the common opinion of the civilized world that Shakespeare was the greatest genius that ever shone in dramatic writing, and regards the Russian's utterances as singular aberrations of a mind normally capable of valuable criticism.

Tolstoy does not here enter into the question, which had been taken up by some accredited critics, as to Shakespeare's political affiliations. Was he to be ranked with the Conservatives, or Liberals, or Radicals of his own or of later days? The question really lies deeper, as Tolstoy felt; and this opinion has been definitely put forward by a somewhat kindred spirit hailing from Denmark, Georg Brandes, to whom we may turn.

In Shakespeare, says Brandes, "the anti-democratic has begun to appear at the start." And elsewhere he adds: "The spirit that dominates in a late play such as *Coriolanus* sprang from no momentary political situation in England [as some have suggested] but from Shakespeare's heart of hearts." A detestation of the mob, a positive hatred of the mass as mass, can be traced in the faltering efforts of his earlier years. "Envy, stupidity and brute force was all he could see in London or Roman masses." Again and again he insists on the cowardice of the Roman plebeians, "in the face of Plutarch's express testimony and their courage in the war with the Volscians." Contrast this treatment with the compliments, open or disguised, that are scattered throughout the plays to the poor timorous James the First.

The Jack Cade scenes in *Henry the Sixth* are rightly ascribed to Shakespeare's first period: they

present a caricature of a demagog and his rabble—fantastic beyond the limits of art. In his middle period "the good qualities and virtues of the people simply do not exist for him." Their sufferings he believes to be either imaginary or brought on by their own fault. Their struggles are ridiculous to him and their rights a fiction; their characteristics are accessibility to flattery and ingratitude toward their benefactors; their only genuine passion is a deep and concentrated hatred of their superiors. But all their bad qualities are merged for Shakespeare in their chief crime—they stink! All this remains true in the last period—in *Coriolanus*.

There have been other extra-choral voices. There is Mr. G. B. Shaw, who is widely known to have made some shrewd remarks about Shakespeare, but whose utterances so mingle serious with ironic criticism that we will not dwell upon them. Another is Mr. W. Archer, who in various numbers of the *Morning Leader* (December 23, 1905, and January 6, 1906) had some telling words as to Shakespeare's aggressive and sham gentility. The *Clarion* and *Public Opinion*, both of December 29, 1905, echoed opinions identical with those of Archer and Tolstoy. A writer in *Public Opinion* says:

There is no getting round the fact that Shakespeare was an aristocrat [in his plays], and what we should now call a bit of a snob. He had the exaggerated contempt of the parvenu for all who stood at, or below, his own original level. His gentility was not inborn, but acquired, and therefore aggressive.

The highest flight of Shakespeare's political philosophy is seen, as has been generally noted, in the long and elaborate speech of Ulysses in *Troilus and Cressida* (I, 3). Its inner meaning can justly be described as a commendation of a totalitarian State, such as James I and modern dictators have dreamed of—a State wherein the supreme ruler is the sun of justice, the hub of good order, the universal inspector and omnipresent regulator. He is symbolized in nature by the sun.

And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,
In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd
Amidst the other; whose medicinal eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts, like the commandments of a king,
Sans check, to good and bad.

When his supremacy is questioned, however, the whole State

Grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation.

But an omniscient ruler, the wise Ulysses holds, can, if allowed, work divinely (III, 3):

The Providence that's in a watchful state
Knows almost every grain of Pluto's gold;
Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps;
Keeps place with thought, and almost, like
the gods,
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
There is a mystery (with whom relation
Durst never meddle) in the soul of state;
Which hath an operation more divine
Than breath or pen can give expression to.

[Further analysis of the unsocial aspects of Shakespeare's writing will be taken up in a coming issue. THE EDITOR.]

A FISHERMAN COMES HOME

Upon the shell
that hems in hope,
night-weather winters fast.
Oars, that are his talents, grope
at the stream rushing past.
Uneager now at last,
he bids his day a tired farewell
and rows the dim way home,
while measuring
the sum of sun—
dead hours and deeds fished up from foam—
strung out along remembering
and counted one by one.

On walls of fog
he traces shore,
and notes another keeps the log:
a Passenger unseen before
who tugs upon a shadowy oar
with one tide only in his thrust.
The cove is reached.
The boat is beached.
The boatman leaves that clumsy crust
upon the verge, and goes to dust
... and in the darkness finds a door.

JOHN MAHER MURPHY

THE UNKNOWN

Halfway ascended on the darkening stair
I turn to give a blind good-bye to all
the warm and golden friends who wander small
and glinting now like stars in bluing air.
How far they drift, one year away; how rare
and to be sighed for, once I've let them fall
out of my hand to glitter aloud and call
up where a light breaks on me unaware.

Bearing the light, being the light comes one
unknown, uncalled. I turn to face this new
and rapturous orient. Drawn to the verge
above where the pit sweeps wide, my sudden sun
rolls me in fire; up we plunge, we two,
buoyed in the void by his omnipotent surge.

JOHN M. FRAUNCES

WASHED-OUT CADET

I cannot ever free myself of planes,
Their glides and sun-winks fever me unending;
My ardor at their coming never wanes,
The ghostly drone, the golden moon-path-wending,
The sizes, shapes, the speeds, the destinations,
The goggled and the leathern human creatures.
On, on, to London, Naples, leafy atoll stations,
The lolling, leering guns, the magic features
Of a ship; that turret is a turtle's head,
It can go in or out at will; that gunner's shield
Defies an angry witherspate of lead,
That sight will draw a bead on weevils in a field.
Now am I hounded by the wolf-packs of the sky.
Their cosmic hunting hunts me and I know no rest.
I must run with them—do not ask me why—
Look there, a plane is silvering the west!

JOSEPH DEVER

SPRING AT LOURDES

In the clefts of the rock the dove,
In the hollows of the wall
The beautiful one, my love,
Comely, slender and tall.

The flowers at last in our land—
Sandaling slim white feet,
The voice of the turtle, and
A voice that is strange and sweet.

Here let the heart abide,
For winter is over and done
Where Heaven is opened wide
On a woman clothed with the sun.

SISTER MARY ST. VIRGINIA

THE HEDONISTS

This morning, while the sun slants past my door,
The lively sparrows come, the sparrows go.
They cock their heads, and wait for me to throw
My breakfast crumbs, as I have done before.
I wonder how they'd feel, could they but know
That rain and sun and plough and threshing floor,
That train and fire and many a human chore
Have joined to make their bits of stiffened dough?

Could they but know the cycle of their fare,
Would it taste better to their urgent need?
I doubt it. Why, indeed, should sparrows care?
Enough for them that they can come and feed.
They leave such circling thoughts to Man alone,
And that, perhaps, is why my bread was thrown.

JOHN E. DONOVAN

THE MYSTIC SPEAKS TO GOD

I am earth of the earth.
I abase myself before Your splendor
To the earth from which I come,
To the earth to which I go.

In the light of Your love
I am beautiful as the day adorned with the sun.
Bathed in Your wisdom and knowledge.
I am beautiful as the night adorned with the moon
And jewelled with stars.

When You withdraw Yourself
I am beautiful as the desert
Parching in scarlet and gold and shadowy
purples,
Beautiful with longing.

Under Your just and terrible wrath
I am beautiful as the mountains flooded with
lightning,
As forests in whirlwind or stormy seas.

I am Your mirror.
I hold myself up to Your splendor,
To the God from whom I come,
To the God to whom I go.

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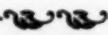
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BOOKS

SHADOW OF HIS HAND

THE PROBLEM OF PAIN. By C. S. Lewis. The Macmillan Co. \$1.50

WHEN modern authors, venturing upon unfamiliar ground, assert prefatorially that they are not philosophers, the thoughtful reader must often admit that they have proved their statement to a demonstration. Mr. Lewis' modest disclaimer of any special theological competence would probably be endorsed by the professional theologian as he lifted a questioning eyebrow here and there in his perusal of *The Problem of Pain*; but it would be a very sour and carping critic who would not admit the solid achievement of the book and its worth as a fresh and lucid treatment of an age-old problem.

Mr. Lewis, when he approaches a question, tackles it very honestly and does not burke the difficulties. If he does not know, he says so plainly. The result is a very convincing treatment, satisfying to the reader, who never has the uneasy feeling that something is being slipped by in a mist of words, like the base-runner arriving on second in a cloud of dust. The author has the happy faculty of answering consecrated "scientific" objections with a clear and common-sense reply. Discussing, for example, the pessimist argument against the existence of a good God, he expounds the horrid state of the world—"nature red in tooth and claw"—and goes on to remark:

There was one question which I never dreamed of raising. I never noticed that the very strength and facility of the pessimists' case at once poses us a problem. If the universe is so bad, or even half so bad, how on earth did human beings ever come to attribute it to the activity of a wise and good Creator? Men are fools, perhaps; but hardly so foolish as that.

This is not his whole argument, of course; but it shows his approach.

The Problem of Pain reveals the keen spiritual and psychological insight that marked the *Screwtape Letters*. For instance:

Again, we are afraid that heaven is a bribe and that if we make it our goal we shall no longer be disinterested. It is not so. Heaven offers nothing that a mercenary soul can desire. It is safe to tell the pure in heart that they shall see God, for only the pure in heart want to.

Or where he says that he is willing to believe that "the damned are, in one sense, successful rebels to the end; that the doors of hell are locked on the inside." Or in his final splendid chapter on Heaven: "There have been times when I think we do not desire Heaven; but more often I find myself wondering whether, in our heart of hearts, we have ever desired anything else." It is a twentieth-century paraphrase of Saint Augustine's *irrequietum est cor nostrum*—"our hearts are restless till they rest in Thee."

I have said that the professional theologian would detect some questionable theology here and there; particularly in the chapters on the Fall of Man and on Animal Pain. The mark of a good theological mind, however, is not that it never makes mistakes, but that it is willing to acknowledge them when they are shown to be mistakes. This Mr. Lewis stands prepared to do. Moreover, as he himself says, these speculations are not essential to his main thesis.

Mr. Lewis, it is said, writes his books because he is tired of waiting for someone else to write the kind of books he likes. Doubtless he is thereby preventing a large, increasing and enthusiastic body of people from rushing into authorship.

CHARLES KEENAN

RESPECT AND EXPECTATION

THE AMERICAS AND TOMORROW. By Virginia Prewett. .
E. P. Dutton and Co. \$3

JOURNALISTS are writing the books today. Some of them give us entertaining shots of action in the high flights of war and politics. Others essay flights into the past and future, on something less than an adequate supply of gas. A third group, among whom Miss Prewett is numbered, start their script with plentiful provision of background and a sense of obligation to the reader. For this reason it is a pleasure to recommend this little book to a wide class whose interest in Latin America is substantial.

Her composition is not in the nature of prophecy. What she does is to make a rather thorough excursion into the recent past of our relations with Latin America. From this compact and accurate picture she urges upon our people the greatest respect and the greatest of expectations for future dealings with our neighbors to the South.

With this fore-notice, the publisher's failing to append a table of contents to the volume will not constitute a difficulty. The book opens with a sketch of our western world on the day of Pearl Harbor, that day which made it forever impossible for us again to dream of living in a self-contained national life. It is, as she says, almost incredible to look back on the role we played in a rampant world from 1918 to 1941. We did indeed recover, but it took herculean efforts on our part and a remarkably receptive mind in Latin America for us to form a bloc of friendly support in the bastion of our defense southward.

From this point the authoress steps neatly along the path of events in the past century that led up to the present hemispheric solidarity. Two small errors (pages 32 and 33) in the matter of intermarriage, and the formation of *mestizo* fervor in the revolutionary period, do not blur the broad story. Foreign nations developed

Latin America, often by devious methods. We had a hand in it, but we have now adopted a national—not a partisan—policy of good neighborliness. What that policy means, and how necessary it will continue to be, form the burden of this text.

Two short sentences caution against the old bonanza business. "Latin Americans are determined that foreigners who come in shall get rich as their partners, if they get rich at all." "After the war is over, we shall be permitted to prosper with Latin America, but not on it." In a word, we should look to close collaboration with our neighbors in after times. To make it sound, we should learn their language, understand their culture, and conduct ourselves like good American citizens.

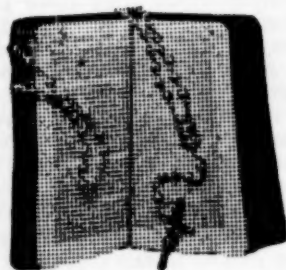
W. EUGENE SHIELDS

RURAL LIFE BOOK-SHELF

WHEN, halfway through his book, *Food, War and the Future* (Harpers. \$2.50), E. Parmalee Prentice begins a discussion of "pure-bred" cattle, he declares: "Our first question, then, concerns the meaning of the term 'pure-bred.'" It is regrettable that he did not adopt this unimpeachable method in the first section of the work, which is logically disfigured by loose terms, vague concepts. "Progress" is such a word, and Mr. Prentice uses it freely. "Progress," as we know it, "did not begin before 1788 or 1789, if by progress is meant the things that make life comfortable, safe and happy for us." This is the nearest he comes to defining what is a central concept, but to oppose a shadowy word with other nebulous terms clarifies nothing.

"Progress" is an important idea, because Mr. Prentice's reading of history is by no means beyond question. The competence of the productive earth to supply hungry man is limited; and it is an obvious lesson of history that man must keep population within the capacity of agriculture's supplying power or endure poverty and

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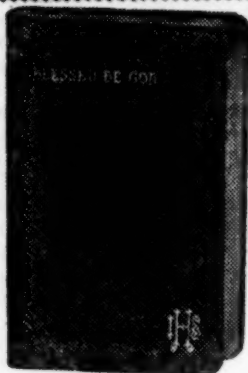
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hideous want. Such statements, in our modern social context, can have vicious implications, whether the author realizes it or not. That is why one would wish for a precise definition of the "progress" which looms so large in the first half of the book. The second is an indictment of the agricultural professors for failure to bring scholarly method and profundity to their work. Consequently, their students have been badly instructed, scientific agriculture retarded.

Dr. Gabriel Davidson, for some twenty-five years the Managing Director of the Jewish Agricultural Society, has written a history of that Society's forty years of existence, entitled *Our Jewish Farmers* (L. B. Fischer. \$2.50). For almost two thousand years the exiled and landless Jew has been divorced from the pastoral pursuits which, as the Bible testifies, once preoccupied him. But here in the United States he has returned to the soil and has achieved a remarkable record, not only as a "dirt" farmer, but as a winner of agricultural and horticultural awards, and as a scientific contributor to agrarian knowledge. The body of the work covers the period from 1900, but a supplement looks back beyond that. It is a splendid record of accomplishment, of thrift, hard work, courage and cooperative enterprise.

Sister Mary Jullana, of the Maryknoll Sisters, has made an ambitious excursion into fictionalized social theory by her *Pattern for Tomorrow* (Bruce. \$2). Joe Conway, son of a prosperous small farmer, has a chance to go to the city, get a formal education at the expense of a generous uncle, and begin a career in banking. At this point his pastor, Father Myers, a zealous social apostle, invites him on an automobile trip which reveals to Joe the social apostolate of the Church. "Too many Catholics think that the Church is only for their own devotion," says Father Myers as he shows to Joe the Okies, share-croppers, the interracial problem, credit unions and cooperatives and the evils of urbanization. Joe returns home with a vocation to be a social missionary. Character portrayal, situation, motivation and dialog all yield to preachment; but the message is sound. There will be a second part to *Pattern for Tomorrow* comprising "Studies and Activities."

The economist will find Roy F. Hendrickson's *Food Crisis* (Doubleday, Doran. \$2.50) valuable for its authoritative factual compactness; the ordinary citizen for its clear exposition of many matters which may have puzzled him. He will discover the background of rationing, understand present scarcities in a "surplus-conscious" country, see the effects of total war on world food-economy, get a comparison of America and England, of the first world war and this one. To the question, "Will we go hungry?" Mr. Hendrickson replies that we will not as long as we keep our national common sense.

One cannot read this book without making some patriotic resolutions to observe the food laws, join the "clean-plate" club and otherwise combat traditional American wastefulness. Other merits in the work are an examination of the stability of Germany's food-front, the problem of feeding liberated areas, the future of food distribution.

WILLIAM A. DONAGHY

NETHERLANDS AMERICA. By Philip Hanson Hiss. Duell, Sloan and Pearce. \$3.50

INTENSELY absorbing is the exhaustive story of Netherlands America, as told by Philip Hanson Hiss, from the discovery of America to the present time. The war and air transportation have given sudden prominence to Netherlands America. Surinam, colonized by the Dutch in 1613, has become vitally important to the war effort of the United Nations because of its abundant supply of bauxite ore, from which our aluminum is made. Aruba and Curaçao, reported to have two of the largest refineries in the world, supply the British fleet with a great part of its fuel oil.

With the help and cooperation of the Netherlands Government, the author made an extended five months'

trip to the Netherlands West Indies in 1942. Not only was he able to make a profound study of the territories, but also of each of the islands, and the coastal region of Surinam. By traveling for many weeks into the interior, on foot and by canoe, and living with the bush Negroes, he was able to visit and photograph places seldom seen by white men. During the past fifteen years, Mr. Hiss has derived a deep understanding and evaluation of native peoples in South America and other foreign lands by living with them on a basis of equality, and he has thus come to be sympathetic with their problems.

His colorful descriptions of the islands ("they are brown and sun-baked against the intense blue of the Caribbean Sea"), in the opening chapter, carry throughout the story. Mr. Hiss is recognized as a superb photographer, and the ninety pictures which he included in his book, the appendixes, bibliography and index, all add immeasurably to its value. ANNE STUART

THE SILENCE OF THE SEA. By Vercors. Translated from the French by Cyril Connolly. The Macmillan Co. \$1

VERCORS is the pseudonym of a French writer, under the German yoke, who presents a heart-rending picture of the French conscience. In a seemingly simple short story of fewer than fifty pages, the moving drama unfolds in the home of an elderly Frenchman and his niece, who lodge a German officer for several months, without ever talking to him, but who listen to his disturbing monologs before their evening fire. Vercors shows that the Germans set out, this time, not merely to ensure the military defeat of France, but to destroy her soul and her very spirit, to crush France of the Third Republic, as well as Catholic France, France of great Saints and great kings, France of the Golden Age of Louis XIV and France of the Revolution.

The Silence of the Sea is proof that the beauty and dignity of a great civilization cannot be stamped out by modern barbarian hordes. It should be read by those who are bewildered by seemingly irreconcilable differences among the French. Here is the heartbeat of the France in whose resurgence we all have a stake.

PIERRE COURTINES

SWING THE BIG-EYED RABBIT. By John Pleasant McCoy. The Blakiston Co. \$2.50

THE author of this book says of himself "that he is considered the best bass fisherman in southwest Virginia" and this reviewer thinks he should have stuck to bass fishing. His first novel is a disappointment. Artemis Collins, the dreamy, idealistic mountain boy whose hunger for knowledge brings him to the little missionary school, is well drawn, and the contrast between him and his realistic brother, Zeb, might have been an interesting one. His seduction by the teacher he worships does not disillusion him but, curiously enough, the discovery of their relationship by Dr. Peabody does. The background of the struggling missionary school is real, and the author has caricatured Dr. Peabody, the harsh and morally snobbish head of the school, and his teachers, with a bitter facility.

The low moral tone of the book and its excessively vulgar language are its chief drawbacks. Possibly the mountaineers have the thoughts and use the language attributed to them, possibly their "gutter morals" are truly pictured, but much that is fine and redeeming in their lives has been neglected, to the great detriment of the story.

Mr. McCoy's first contribution to American literature is disappointing, and distinctly not worthwhile.

ELIZABETH M. JOYCE

CHARLES KEENAN, Staff member, attended some of Mr. Lewis' lectures while a member of Oxford University.

PIERRE COURTINES is a professor of Romance Languages at Queen's University.

ELIZABETH M. JOYCE, of Detroit, does survey work for the American Institute of Public Opinion.

Just Published!

THE EUCHARIST

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THEATRE

A FEW WEAK PLAYS. The week in which I write has brought us four theatrical disappointments, of which two have already left us. They were *Right Next to Broadway* and *Mrs. Kimball Presents*, and nothing more need be said about them. The survivors, at the moment, are two slightly more robust offerings neither of which can hope to survive very long.

THANK YOU, SVOBODA. The more striking of the two survivors is Milton Baron's production of H. S. Kraft's play, *Thank You, Svoboda*, which opened at the Mansfield Theatre with Sam Jaffe in the leading role. Mr. Jaffe is a good actor and he has many admirers. He may be able to keep the play going by the force of his acting and personality, but he will have a struggle doing it. For Mr. Kraft's dramatization of John Pen's novel leaves much to be desired. He has simply produced another of those trying offerings in which the characters talk about the plots instead of acting them out.

Svoboda himself is a porter in a small Czech inn. He is in the first act a singularly stupid peasant, but he grows mysteriously brighter as the play goes on. When the Nazis invade his town, an attempt is made to blow up a local bridge. The Nazis need a culprit, so Svoboda, who can neither read nor write, signs his cross to a confession that he is guilty and is sent to a concentration camp for two months.

He returns in fine raiment which has been given him by prosperous fellow prisoners, in return for odd jobs he has done for them. He has money in his pocket. But he learns that in his absence his small bank-savings of years have been confiscated by the Germans.

As revenge for his financial loss, he decides really to blow up the bridge when German troops are crossing it. This, too, we get from talk. He puts the dynamite where it will do the most harm—we don't even see that done—and returns to his bride's cottage to talk about and watch the effect.

Mr. Jaffe, of course, does most of what acting there is done; but even he is not given much but lines. His sweetheart, Adrienne Gessner, is a nice little actress, which is fortunate as she is the only woman in the play. She does all anyone could do with her part, which consists largely in admiring her lover. Arnold Korff plays Colonel Fiala very well, and Francis Compton and John McGovern are good in lesser roles. Whiteford Kane is convincing as a drunken engineer whose work consists largely of tossing down strong drinks.

MORE GILBERT AND SULLIVAN. Gilbert and Sullivan operas are still at the Ambassador—fortunately, I think. The present productions are better than they have been pronounced and there is much we can enjoy in them. Since I wrote of *The Mikado* and *Iolanthe* we have been given *Pinafore*, *Trial By Jury*, *The Yeomen of the Guard*, *Patience*, *Pirates of Penzance* and *Cox and Box*.

With the possible exception of *The Mikado*, *Pinafore* is the most popular of these operas and its revival brought out a good audience of *Pinafore* enthusiasts. As in the other productions Florenz Ames, who is certainly a tower of strength to the Burnside Company, carries off most of the honors. As First Lord of the Admiralty he is in his element and puts into his work a heartening spirit and humor. Personally, I have rarely heard *When I Was a Lad* sung better. Kathleen Roche is charming to look at as Josephine, and vocally up to the demands of the role. Robert Pitkin gives Dick Dead-eye with less exaggeration than most interpreters, and James Gerard makes love to Josephine in a nice, convincing way. In short, the Ambassador Theatre is worth a visit these nights.

ELIZABETH JORDAN

FILMS

GOING MY WAY. Put this right up at the top of your list of must pictures. Here is superlative entertainment, something that will keep youngsters or oldsters captivated for two hours and send all out cheering and happier for the heart-warming experience they have just been through. Nothing with a richer, more human appeal has been screened in many a day, and though the narrative is woven around the relationship of two priests, this is definitely not a film that will attract only the pious. A number of surprises await the cinemagoer when he sees this presentation. First of all crooner Bing Crosby has stepped completely out of type and is cast as a young priest, who does sing, and not hymns, either. This star has never had a better role or handled any with more feeling or assurance. Barry Fitzgerald is an unending joy as the elderly pastor who has no understanding or patience with the modern ideas of his assistant. His is a performance that brings smiles and chuckles even in retrospect. How these two face the problems of St. Dominic's together, growing in wisdom as they better understand each other and the people for whom they labor, makes up the pattern for the story. This is a composite of vivid and convincingly etched portraits, and the whole is packed with down-to-earth drama. Every emotional stop has been pulled and sometimes you will not have wiped away tears of laughter before you find a lump gathering in your throat. However, hilarious comedy has a field day during most of the picture, while Leo McCarey proves again that he is a master at directing it. Frank McHugh handles a substantial role, and Rise Stevens, Metropolitan Opera star, sings several numbers, including an aria from *Carmen*. This is the freshest, most original material that has recently been brought to life on celluloid and is recommended to the whole family. (Paramount)

THE PURPLE HEART. Whether this kind of film should be classified as entertainment is debatable, and seems currently to be very much under discussion. It is a shocking piece, not always because of what it shows, but rather because it suggests horrors that the onlooker is permitted to conjure up according to his own imagination. This is a grim, unrelenting fictional record of events, built around tragic facts, and each moviegoer will have to decide for himself whether or not he can digest such strong stuff in a diet of war pictures. Attention is focused on eight Doolittle flyers who are captured after the Tokyo raid. Their trial by civil authorities is a farce from the start and the inevitable end, death, is forecast immediately. Before the verdict is reached, however, the men are subjected to the most barbarous tortures in an effort to force them to reveal the base of the attack. It is these suggestions of mental injury and maiming that are horrific in their implications. All of the action, except some brief air scenes at the start, takes place in the courtroom and the prison. Dana Andrews is probably best known of the actors in the long cast and, on the whole, the performances are convincing, though some of the Oriental interpretations are quite inadequate. This is stark war drama that adults are advised to take or leave according to their individual taste. (Twentieth Century-Fox)

THE HOUR BEFORE THE DAWN. W. Somerset Maugham's story about a Nazi spy who marries an English pacifist to protect herself and further her machinations is unconvincing drama from the start. Not even the impressive cast headed by Franchot Tone and Veronica Lake manage to save it from mediocrity. On the moral score, objection must be taken, for a revengeful murder by the main character contributes to the solution of the plot. (Paramount) MARY SHERIDAN

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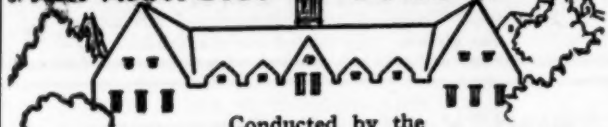
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PARADE

NAMES featured the news. . . . A Day-Knight wedding was celebrated in Seattle when Walter J. Day married Agnes Knight. . . . A radio program was requested by a Hollywood meat-market man to suggest a name for his market. He wrote: "Such names as Jones' Market or Smith's Market are all right in most cases, but not in mine. People might not understand. You see, my name is Black." . . . A Los Angeles judge told the clerk: "Call the next case." "U. Doit," the clerk said. "I said, call the next case," the judge insisted. "U. Doit," the clerk repeated, whereupon the defendant, named U. (Ulysses) Doit, stepped up, remarking: "I guess you mean me." . . . In an Arkansas camp, the commanding officer asked a recruit his name. "George," replied the recruit. "What's the rest of it?" asked the officer. "George," said the recruit. "All right, smartie, give me the full name," ordered the C.O. "George George George," responded the rookie. . . . In New York, L. Holzer, "The Smiling Irishman," an automobile dealer, filed suit to restrain C. Juliano from describing himself as "The Laughing Irishman." Holzer declared that for years he had used the trade name "The Smiling Irishman," together with green bank-checks and shamrock greeting-cards. He charged that Juliano started business a few months ago, took the name "The Laughing Irishman" and began using green bank-checks and shamrock greeting-cards. The judge remarked he would take the case under consideration.

Activities in various fields went on. . . . Real-estate transactions, for example, continued. . . . In Indianapolis, a homeowner inserted this advertisement in a newspaper: "I'll lease you my home, lend you my maid, and introduce you to my butcher." . . . Restaurants continued putting signs on walls. . . . In Danielson, Conn., a restaurateur hung up the notice: "Due to rationing and other things beyond our control, we are forced to sell a five-cent frankfurter absolutely naked—plain and ungarnished. We will allow a toasted roll, mustard and relish with a ten-cent frankfurter. These prices and regulations obtain pending the next act of Congress." . . . Court actions continued being introduced. . . . In Hollywood, a concert singer filed a \$20,000 damage suit against a fashionable restaurant, charging that a steak he ate was so tough it lacerated his larynx. . . . Draft boards received orders. . . . A Boulder, Colo., board pored over instructions to consider for deferment all persons engaged in the production of tetramethyldiaminodiphenylmethane, diaminodihydroanthraquinone, chloroaminoanthraquinone and aminophenylammonium hydroxide. . . . Changes in status went on. . . . A soldier working in post headquarters of an Eastern camp was up for reclassification. Asked what his duties were, he replied: "I sort the mail and put it in the various pigeonholes." He was reclassified as a pigeon trainer and fancier.

Divorce continued. . . . A Los Angeles wife, suing for divorce, declared her husband could not hire a housekeeper, and "so he married me. He protested later that he could have got a much better housekeeper if there hadn't been a war on." . . . Another California wife instituted divorce action charging that her husband had married her on a bet; that he would drop her off at a cheap movie house, then go to a good one; that he would not let her buy the food "and we had hamburger, sweet potatoes and gravy three months straight." . . . If there were no laws allowing divorce, there would be no marrying on a bet. . . . When divorce is permitted for even the gravest reason, it will eventually be allowed for any old reason. . . . Persons desirous of ascertaining what happens then may find out by reading history.

JOHN A. TOOMEY

CORRESPONDENCE

NURSES

EDITOR: Your excellent tribute to nurses (January 15) reminded me of Father Tim Dempsey's encomium. Speaking of people he liked, the old pastor of St. Patrick's in St. Louis used to say: "Now, take the nurses. How I do admire that class of people! Those beautiful young women, gifted, educated, fit to shine in any society, who give up their lives to relieve pain and suffering."

And the hospital Sisters, nurses consecrated by the vows of religion, Father Tim used to call "God's noblest daughters."

St. Mary's, Kansas

HAROLD MCAULIFFE, S. J.

MORTIMER J. ADLER

EDITOR: It is all very well to pay tribute to the mind of Mortimer J. Adler, as did Father Robert A. Graham in a review of Adler's book, *How to Think About War and Peace*, appearing in the February 26 issue of *AMERICA*, and say: "This is capable of doing either great good or great harm," but it seems to this humble correspondent that when Adler criticizes the Popes' peace proposals and states that the Popes cannot be seeking peace, etc., it is high time to don the boxing gloves of our Faith. This, certainly, is a challenge for every Catholic.

His "sympathetic" reputation for Scholastic Philosophy is too well known, placing Mr. Adler on a frail scaffolding from which he has fallen more than once in the past, and the effects of such falls are not equally good and harmful—they are all harmful. It appears that the accepted attitude is to carry Mr. Adler along with the hope that he is doing much for the cause of Christ, and this may be the reason why he is invited to appear before many Catholic audiences.

It is my humble opinion that Mr. Adler could profit greatly by a thorough study of *A Companion to the Summa* by Father Farrell (perhaps, a shadow of the *Summa* itself, according to well-versed theologians), especially stressing all of Father Farrell's interpretations of the virtue of charity.

Toledo, Ohio

I. BERNARD WARRICK

AS OTHERS SEE US

EDITOR: I am a pagan, and I am in no way ashamed of my actions and beliefs. I like paganism, chiefly because it gives a warm feeling of independence, the ability to take care of oneself without looking for outside guidance.

Seven months ago, with 299 other soldiers, I was sent to a Catholic university to be a student in the Army Specialized Training Program. As I look back over our training period, I recall the attitude of the non-Catholic soldiers toward the priests, when we just arrived, and now. There has been no change of feeling for the priests or for Catholicism, except in a few instances where non-Catholic soldiers have become even more deeply entrenched in their non-Catholic beliefs.

There is a universal feeling of friendliness toward the Fathers which is openly displayed. The Fathers are always welcomed into our room and barracks and treated generously. This outward politeness often covers the true feelings held by non-Catholics. Many of our students have an intense dislike for anything said or done by the clergymen. Why, then, are we so polite? The priests are our instructors, our graders; we cannot

afford to show outward signs of enmity. Dislike by a Father could cause dismissal from the institution, a blot on our all-important service records.

There are only a few Fathers who are willing to go out of their way to speak with the men; and these do so largely because they have soldiers in their classes. Quite often the soldiers are completely snubbed, greeted only when they themselves make the first advances. This fact does not tend toward building good will; indeed it quite often deepens the chasm between non-Catholic soldiers and the priests.

This university has provided us with numerous opportunities to view the religious worship attended by Catholic soldiers. I have gone several times to Mass. Sometimes when my Catholic friends serve for the priests I have been present at Benediction. These ceremonies cause to well up in me a feeling of affection for these men who will get down on their knees to God. But this feeling of affection for them is for *them*. I do not feel any sense of devotion or notice the presence of an All-Powerful. Despite the association with Catholic soldiers and with the priests, and though I have attended their devotions, I shall remain a staunch believer in paganism.

Address Withheld

R. H.

[The above letter was forwarded to us by a priest at the college spoken of. He wishes it to be understood that the writer "can be quite completely absolved of any bias against the Church." Our readers may be interested in this rather frank and unusual expression of opinion as an exception to the reactions generally found in Catholic colleges. EDITORS]

HELPING THE HELPLESS

EDITOR: On Sunday, February 20, the subject of my pre-Lenten sermon was taken from the article *Back From the Gates of Hell*, written by Lester Luther and published in *AMERICA*, January 8, 1944.

I announced to a congregation consisting mostly of soldiers, both officers and enlisted men, and a few civilians, natives of the Island of Oahu, that we would have the Stations of the Cross on Friday night; that we would make the Way of the Cross for "George and his companions" who were awarded the Purple Heart Medal and who now are undergoing the results of the horrors of War.

The author of the above article, and George who asks others to pray for him, may be pleased to know that on Friday night this Army Air Force Chaplain had a small church filled to capacity, and we made the Way of the Cross and sang the verses of the *Stabat Mater* for George and for his fellow soldiers who are going through mental anguish and physical strain for the losses they sustained in behalf of us and our countrymen. I am sure that they would have been as pleased as I was to see the numbers that came. And so we promise to do this for them every Friday night in Lent, asking Christ on the Way of the Cross to alleviate their sufferings.

Somewhere on Duty

JAMES F. MCCARTHY

(The views expressed under "Correspondence" are the views of writers. Though the Editor publishes them, he may or may not agree with them; just as the readers may or may not agree with the Editor. The Editor believes that letters should be limited to 300 words. He likes short, pithy letters, merely tolerates lengthy ones.)

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THE WORD

LAETARE Sunday is in the nature of a mid-Lenten examination. Right in the midst of the penitential season, the Church sings out: "Laetare, rejoice, be happy!" What! Rejoice without cigarettes, without liquor, without movies, without in-between snacks? Rejoice and do penance at the same time?

Why not? After all, that is the final test of a philosophy of life, that it can sustain us in difficult moments, that it can put meaning into suffering, and into us a willing, cheerful acceptance of the suffering. That is the test of the depth of our Christianity, even of our personal loyalty to Christ, that we follow Him along the road to Calvary as cheerfully as along the road to Cana. It takes little courage and little character to be cheerful "when everything's going my way." The test of character is the doing of hard things.

There is the difference between the slacker, the good soldier and the hero. The slacker may sing bravely on parade. He wilts, he grumbles, he is morose when the going gets tough. The good soldier does not relish the hard going, but he tries to take it in stride. He tries to keep a song on his lips while he carries through with the hard, dangerous, hurting things that as a soldier he simply cannot avoid. The hero does not relish hard things either, but he does more than put up with them cheerfully; he offers himself for them, he seeks the post of danger, he volunteers for difficulties beyond duty.

Did you notice a certain lack of enthusiasm in the Christ of today's Gospel? (John 6:1-15) "There followed him a great crowd because they were witnessing the signs." He healed their sick. He preached to them. He fed them miraculously, and they said: "This is indeed the Prophet who is to come into the world." They clapped their hands and cheered and were wonderfully happy. "They would come to take Him by force and make Him king." But Christ seems weary, discouraged by their enthusiasm. Christ "fled again to the mountain."

Why? Because Christ knew that so many in that crowd were just "good-time" friends. He knew that their love was no deeper than the good things they hoped for from Him, that their loyalty was no more lasting than the bread with which He fed them. Before His "hard saying," to be given to them in a short time, they would fade away and "walk no more with Him." Worse, perhaps, they were even intellectually wedded to the idea that their loyalty and their love and their joy should be founded on material good things. They could not or would not bring themselves to see that in offering them Himself, His Body and Blood, His example, His Divine Life within them, His grace and strength, He was offering them the real good things, the real joy "that surpasseth all understanding."

We must not misunderstand Christ. He is not too hard on human weakness or human ignorance that will open itself to correction. When John and James sent their mother to Christ to beg a high place for them, Christ was not impatient. He merely asked: Will you drink the Chalice that I will drink? They answered a willing yes, and Christ gently led them on to see that service, sacrifice, giving, sharing in His redemptive work—these are the high places, the worthwhile goals of life.

Food, drink, clothing, companionship, material joy, material ambitions and successes: all have their place in our living. Christ wants us to gain from them a share of joy and satisfaction. He does not at all intend to deny us all that is gracious and comfortable in life. Only this He does insist on: He wants to force us to a realization that "not on bread alone does man live." He wants us to base our deeper, lasting joy in Him, in loving and serving and pleasing Him, so that, even if all else were taken away, we could find courage and joy in having Christ for food and friend.

J. P. D.

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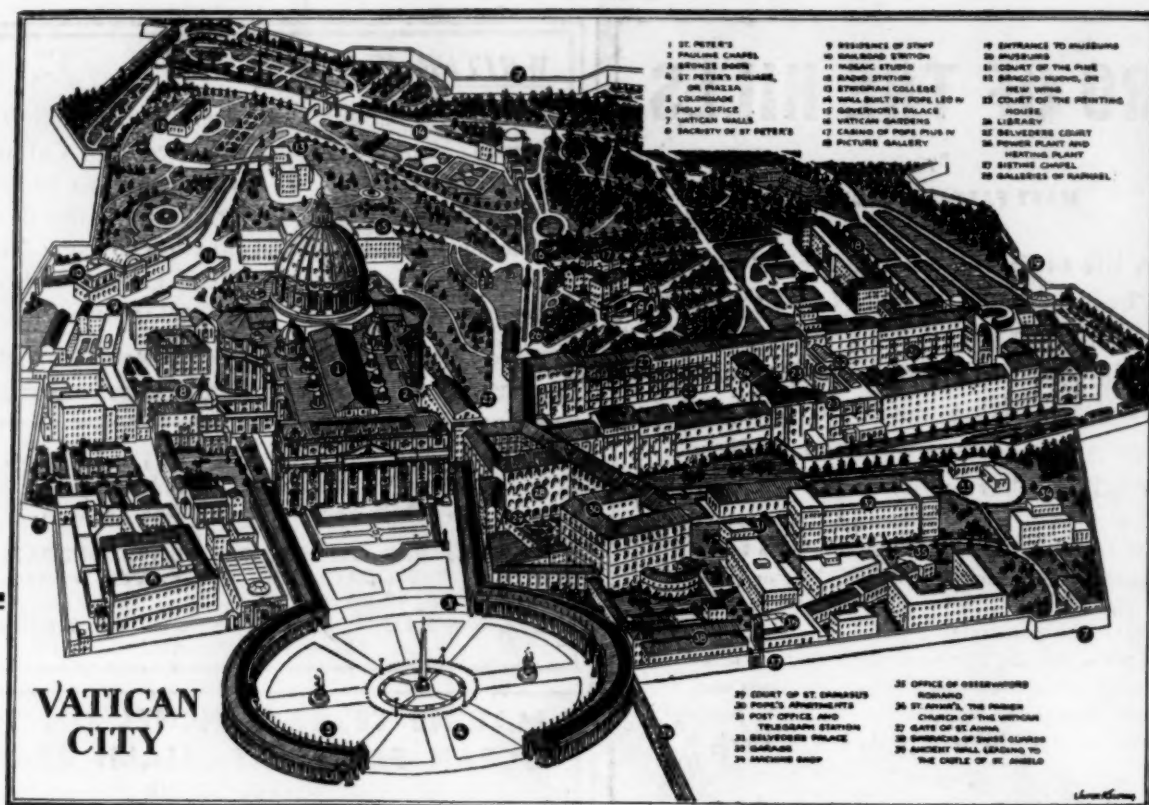
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